

FRONTISPEICE .



David del.

Goldst.

Selima restored to sight by Gozzarut. *Tale*

Published 24th March 1793 by I. Wenman.

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THE
TALES OF THE GENII;
OR, THE
DELIGHTFUL LESSONS
OF
Horam, the Son of Asmar.

FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED FROM THE
PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT;

And compared with the French and Spanish Editions
published at Paris and Madrid.

BY SIR CHARLES MORELL,

Formerly AMBASSADOR from the BRITISH SETTLE-
MENTS in INDIA to the GREAT MOGUL.

VOL. II.

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TALES OF THE GENII.

Conclusion of the Tale of the Dervise Alfouran.

MAMLOUK having suffered them to execute their vengeance on the hypocritical Alfouran, exhorted them to follow obediently the law of their prophet, and ever to despise such teachers as should preach up a mysterious, unintelligible, and hidden religion; or expect that they should blindly give up their substance and social duties, to follow the direction of a sanctified and lustful drone.

As Mamlouk finished his tale, bright flashes of light streamed through the lattice work of the saloon, and presently, with smiles of mildness on his face, came the illustrious prophet Mahomet, and hovered over the august assembly.

“Thanks, heavenly Mamlouk,” said the prophet of the faithful, “thanks do I give thee

thee, in the name of my flock of Bassora, whom thou hast rescued; O, may they never again stray from the light vouchsafed them, but may reason and revelation alike direct them to seek the realms of peace, and fly from the delusions of error and enthusiasm—and do ye, favoured flock of Heaven, listen, and imbibe the instructions of my servants, and obey the voice of their divine morality”.

As he thus spake, the royal company all arose, and prostrating themselves on earth, thus began their hymn of praise :

“Glories surround the defender of the faithful! Alla, Alla, Alla!

“Praise, and honour, and worship, be unto him who giveth sight to the blind, and peace to the sons of care. Alla!

“Be thy reign immortal, prophet of the just! be thy power, as is thy mercy, viceroy of Alla! Alla! Alla! Alla!

“Happy are thy servants who do the will of their master. Alla!

“Happy are the servants who hear the voice of their prophet. Alla!

“Happy are they who walk not in error, but are instructed in thy law. Alla! Alla! Alla!”

As the Genii pronounced these words in songs of melody, the prophet arose, and ascended from their sight, while the whole assembly lay entranced with delightful visions.

After some time, the company being reinstated, Iracagem thus addressed himself to the Genius Omphram.



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"Omphram, let the praises of Mahomet inspire thee in declaring the labours of thy tutelage."

"Happy shall I esteem myself," answered Omphram, "if Iracagem approves of my behaviour in directing the Sultan Hassan Assar."

Hassan Assar; or the history of the Caliph of Bagdat.

THE royal court of the Caliph Hassan Assar beheld with discontent a long series of gloomy moons. The voice of joy and the smiles of festivity were banished the palace, by the severe frowns which sat uninterrupted on the brow of the Caliph.

The barrenness of his spacious seraglio was the cause of his melancholy; neither the youthful beauties of Circassia, nor the more ripened fruit which his own warmer sun produced, were capable of continuing the race of the Caliphs of Bagdat.

Omphram, the tutelary Genius of his kingdom, saw the perverse will of fate, and could not withstand its decrees: she read in the permanent leaves of that everlasting book, that Hassan Assar would vainly solicit a progeny from Heaven, while he sought after that blessing in the embraces of beauty. Though the day, which as yet had not arisen, was enveloped in the clouds of obscurity, she could still discern the possibility of the continuance of the race of Hassan, but not the particular manner in which it was to come to pass.

As Hassan was administering justice in the divan, the throne whereon he sat was violently shaken with the trembling of the earth, the doors of the divan creaked, lightning poured down through the windows in sheets of fire, and in the midst of the confusion both of the earth and air, came Omphram riding in the tempest which her power had raised.

Hassan bowed at her approach; and as his heart was unconscious of evil, he regarded not the terrors which surrounded her.

"Hassan," said the Genius, "I perceive you are not to be biassed by the outward appearance of things, knowing that you are only accountable for the actions of your subjects; you look with serenity on this confusion of elements, which it was not in your power to prevent. The same trust which enables you to be thankful in the sun-shine of affluence, gives you also confidence in the dangerous tempest. Look but as indifferently on all things, and your prayers shall be no longer offered to the unconsenting prophet. He has heard your petition, he believes you are solely desirous of perpetuating his seed, and therefore he commands you to dismiss the beauties of your seraglio, and to give up your whole life and pleasure to the Houri he has provided for your embrace."

As she finished this declaration, the walls of the palace crumbled into their original clay, the crowds that were gathered in the divan, vanished from the sight of the caliph, and he saw no longer the flourishing city of Bagdat,

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but the wild and fanciful productions of unassisted nature.

The lions in the chariot of Omphram roared to the repeated echoes of the forest, and the fairy still observing the courageous Hassan unchanged at his fate, smiled on the caliph, and bid him persevere in his unshaken trust, and no dangers or misfortunes should prevent the blessings which the prophet had engaged to shower upon his race.

Although the prospects around him were wild, yet were they beautiful and enchanting. Lofty trees at a distance on one side formed natural temples to the deities of the place; on the other, the adjacent mountains were partly covered with ever-green and flowering shrubs, which grew irregular, as a covering above the craggy sides of the rocks, except where a torrent from the summit had worn out a hollow bed for its rapid passage and descent. In the vale beneath, a spacious lake divided the ancient groves from the mountainous side of the prospect; and on the intermediate banks flourished whatever might invite the eye, or please the wandering palate; fruits unnumbered of every kind, too heavy for the parent rock whereupon they grew. Flowers in every varied hue, and every varied tint which the sun could form by the many-coloured beams of its all-diffusive light.

While Hassan was admiring these luxurious productions of the uncultivated place, he perceived a most beauteous female, advancing thro' the irregular avenues of the spacious grove. "O, blessed prophet!" cried the enamoured sultan,

sultan, as soon as he beheld her, "what delights hast thou prepared for me in this vale of plenteousness! surely I am already in thy blissful paradise; and behold the Houri, whom thou hast consigned to my arms, is now approaching to meet my embrace."

As he said this, he sprang forward to join the blooming fair-one, whose delicate limbs stood all confessed to view, and displayed in their ineffable symmetry and delicate purity, the utmost harmony of a beauteous creation.

She also, as animated by the same inclination and desires, hastened towards the embrace of the all-admiring Hassan; but, alas! ere the happy couple could meet, the envious earth gave a hideous groan, and the ground parting under their feet, divided them from each other by a dismal chasm.

While the astonished pair stood on different sides of the gulph, viewing the horrid fissure and the dark abyss, wild notes of strange uncouth warlike music were heard from the bottom of the pit; and immediately a flash or vapour of blue flame arose from the cavern, in the midst of which the Caliph discovered an enormous elephant with a turret on his back.

When the elephant was level with the surface, the earth closed again, and a black which sat on the elephant's neck advanced his body to the turret, which he touched with a wand in his hand, and immediately the turret flew into a thousand pieces, and discovered a little hut, out of which came a negro woman, properly accoutred with the implements of war.

The beauteous lady screamed at the sight, and as Hassan was hastening to her assistance, the black who held the wand in his hand, cried out with a voice like thunder——

“Hassan Assar, forbear! But it matters not, for Omphram has deceived me, and thou art unworthy of the favour of Mahomet: Omphram assured me, that the caliph of Bagdat was unbiassed by the outward appearance of things; and yet methinks I see you pay a preference to beauty, and neglect to attend on the vigorous Nakin Palata, who is destined for your spouse.”

“What,” cried Hassan, in amaze, “must I leave this perfect original, to take up with that unnatural lump of blackness!”

At these words, Nakin Palata, with great wrath, drew forth an arrow from her quiver, and fixing it in her bow, aimed the fatal shaft at the body of the beautiful nymph.

Hassan saw the malice, but could not prevent the blow. The arrow pierced through the snowy heart of the lovely female, and the warm tide of blood and life issued forth at the unfriendly wound.

As the distressed Caliph drew the arrow forth, and applied his lips to the place, the black jumping from the beast, ran to him, and commanded him to discontinue his care, or he would for ever lose the protection of Mahomet.

The Caliph looked up in astonishment at hearing the command, and was more than ever surprized to behold the skin falling from the
body

body of the black, under which he discovered the features of Omphram his Genius.

"O, Hassan Affar!" said Omphram, "hast thou not yet learnt, that the delights of this world are not to bias your affection and obedience from the will of Heaven?"

"When you prayed to the prophet to continue your race on the throne of your forefathers, did not you promise to give up all other blessings, if you might possess that only desire of your heart?"

"Now, then, what is beauty, when put in competition with her who is to perpetuate the descendants of the Caliph of Badgat? Wast thou not unhappy, when thou hadst every beauty at command? Didst thou not then despise such faint allurements, and beg from Heaven a more substantial blessing? Behold her, then, who is appointed to bleis thee, and yet thou fliest from her, and art now returning to those pleasures which thou hast solemnly renounced; but think not the prophet will suffer such ingratitude; no—enjoy the company of thy beauteous Houri, for no doubt your love is so excessive, that you will willingly follow her to the grave."

Having thus said, she struck the ground with her wand, and immediately a number of slaves arose with stones, and all the materials for building. "There," said the fairy to the workmen, "inclose that dying corse with a substantial monument, and let us see how long this worldly Caliph's love will fix him on the body of his mistress."

The slaves obeyed, and being Genii of an inferior order, executed their business in less time than a mortal workman could have laid the foundation.

Hassan neither observed their work, nor was solicitous to escape; but still pressing with his lips the fatal wound, suffered himself to be inclosed in those walls of death.

Before the roof (which was formed of massive stone) was entirely covered, Omphram called out and commanded Hassan to withdraw; but the Caliph was deaf, and regardless of every thing but the condition of his dear nymph.

Wherefore the Genii completed the work, and Omphram finding him deaf to her commands, left him immured in the mausoleum, with the dead body of the strangely murdered fair-one.

Although the workmen of Omphram had totally immured the caliph Hassan Affar, yet was there left a grate-work of iron in the middle of the tomb by the Genius's command, through which the light might reflect on the deceased body, and give the Caliph a full view of the dead beauties which he had preferred to the will of his prophet.

For several days the love-sick Hassan persisted in his attention to the corse of his beautiful favourite, but contagious mortality now began to steal away the delicate complexion and grateful hue, which formerly adorned the living Houris's limbs; a noisome stench succeeded, and yellow putrid foulness overspread the whole body; her cheeks sunk, her flesh
grew.

grew moist with rottenness, and all her frame sent forth the strongest effluvia of corruption and death.

Hassan, whose love and affection was solely supported by lust and passion, having lost the only object of his desires, began to loath the wretched situation which he had chosen in preference to submission and obedience.

"And is this (cried the dejected caliph, looking on the corrupted mass) is this the natural effect of death on beauty? Is it then only owing to the different modifications of matter, that one mass gives us the highest enjoyment, and another the greatest disgust? Nay, more; are the joys of this world so fleeting and unsubstantial, that the object of our pleasure to-day, may to-morrow become the object of our aversion? O prophet! holy prophet! (continued he) I now see and acknowledge the justice of thy punishment, I now can discern between the good that thou didst intend me, and the evil which I have chosen;" at these words he sunk on the ground, overcome with watching, loathing, hunger, and fatigue.

As he laid stretched on the ground, the female negro appeared above at the grate.

"O blind ill-fated Caliph (said she) how long will it be ere thou seest the follies of thy choice! Wert thou not born to do the will of Heaven? Wert thou not, by thine own desire, consigned over by that will, to fly from the pleasures of life, and give thyself up to the interest of thy race? The prophet doubted the sincerity of thy heart, he therefore placed thee amidst all the natural luxuries which this world

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"The love which you professed for that noisome body, say, O Caliph! did it arise from virtue or lust? You saw and loved, but you heard not, neither had you knowledge of the perfections or imperfections of her mind. She came only recommended to you by passion and desire, I came recommended by the will of your prophet; but you foolishly conceived his commands grievous, and your desires natural and reasonable; therefore you were left in possession of your wishes, to convince you, that from disobedience and unlawful pleasure, no other fruits can sprout forth, but those of corruption and abhorrence.

"You are sensible this life is short, precarious and uncertain; it is a life of trial, and not of enjoyment; it is a life in which we must refuse, and not covet the pleasures of the world. Where then is the hardship of obedience, when we are commanded to abstain, in order hereafter to possess.

"Think not, O Caliph, I speak this of myself, it is your prophet directs me; he sought me out among many in my own nation; he snatched me from the arms of one whom I had formerly esteemed for his activity and manly strength

"Nakin Palata, (said a voice unto me, as I was with the utmost pleasure observing the exercises of my lovely youth) attend to the commands of Heaven, and know thou wert born to fulfil its will."

" At the same time an invisible power plunged me into the earth, and placed me in the hut and turret which you beheld on the back on the elephant.

" A black who guided the beast, informed me of the cause of my situation ; ' You are (said the guide) selected out of thousands for your modesty, your humility and obedience to the power above, to be mother of a royal race. A great and mighty king shall fill your arms, but then you must never more reflect upon the youth you have left, nor sigh for the enjoyment of your native country."

" At these words, O caliph, I sunk with sorrow and disgust; no joys of fortune or riches were in my esteem equivalent to the jetty blackness of my beloved Kafrac.

' What, then, (said I) must I be condemned for ever to lose the sight of Kafrac, the idol of my soul ?

' No, (replied my guide) you shall see him yet once again, to convince you how blind that choice is, which has only outward comeliness and natural abilities for its object.'

" At these words, he took me by the shoulders, and we mounted through the caverns of the earth. The ground opened as we ascended, and presently I was conveyed into the center of a wood, which I remembered was near the habitation of my jetty Kafrac.

" The black having taken his hand from my shoulder, bid me walk forward to a gloomy part of the wood. I obeyed; but, O caliph, judge the emotions of my soul, when I beheld the traiterous Kafrac locked in the arms of my

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brother's wife! my blood curdled with horror at the sight, and I stood motionless before the adulterous Kafrac.

"My guardian black perceiving my condition, ran toward me, and again touching my shoulder, the earth opened a second time, and we sunk together on the back of the elephant.

'Well (cried my guide, when he had seated me in the turret) are you now better disposed to obey the will of the prophet of Mecca?'

'I am (said I, still terrified with the dreadful vision) at the disposal of your prophet, and entirely convinced of my own incapacity to distinguish between real and fictitious goodness.

'Then (replied the guide) you are capable of executing the will of your prophet.

'Here, take these your national accoutrements (giving me the bow and arrows) and when you see the caliph Hassan Assar pursuing sensual pleasure, and preferring the specious appearance of beauty to the command of Mahomet, direct your shaft at the breast of his mistress, and fear not to destroy her; for she is only beautiful in appearance, but is really no more than an earthly phantom, sent to convince Hassan Assar of the weakness of his heart, and the folly of his sensual lusts.'

"Having thus said, we ascended again into the realms of light, and arose just between you and the phantom, which you blindly esteemed beyond the great blessings that are designed for you."

When Nakin Palata had ended her relation, the caliph prostrated himself on the ground, and thrice adoring Alla and his illustrious prophet, he cried out in the words of Nakin Palata, "I am at thy disposal, O prophet!" As he said this, the skies loured with thunder, and Omphram his genius descended.

At her approach, the tomb cracked and divided, and Hassan Assar again prostrated himself on the earth before the genius of his kingdom.

"Happy, happy, happy caliph! happy art thou, O Hassan Assar! (cried out Omphram) who canst submit to the will of thy prophet! happy art thou in thy choice, and happy is Nakin Palata in exchanging a barbarous savage, for a wise, prudent, and religious monarch.

"Nor shall you find, O Hassan Assar," continued the genius Omphram, "that the commands of Mahomet are grievous or heavy to be borne, for now look at her whom you despised, and examine the features of the once detestable Nakin Palata."

At her command the caliph arose from the ground; but O, how was his soul transported, when he beheld the countenance of his bride changed, and Nakin Palata glowing with every charm with which nature could invest her.

"Ah, caliph!" continued Omphram, "be not too much transported by the outward appearance of things; it is because you love each other, that you seem thus beautifully changed; nor are you less amiable in the eyes of Nakin Palata, than she is in your sight, O caliph!"

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this shall continue while your love continues; but when you by caprice, by a resolute superiority, or by a vexatious ill-nature, put on the frown of disapprobation, then shall you be divested of this amiable comeliness, and stand like a cruel and insulting tyrant before your trembling bride; and when either her love or her obedience fails, then shall she be again transformed, and wear the disgusting complexion of a tawny negro."

Having thus said, she took Hassan Assar and his bride into her chariot, which was drawn by two majestic lions, and wafted them in the air to the caliph's palace at Bagdat.

His subjects, when they heard of his arrival, all flocked to the presence of their royal master, and welcomed with the warmest affection his long-wished return. Hassan Assar presented to them his beauteous bride, and declared her the only sultana of his realms.

The court rang with joyous acclamations, and all hailed the amiable Nakin Palata. Omphram declared to them the reasons of the caliph's choice, and promised in the name of the prophet, a royal successor.

At this assurance, the palace again re-echoed with the voices of his subjects, and nothing was heard in his kingdom but the praises of Hassan Assar, the loving, obedient, and religious caliph, and Nakin Palata, the joy and consort of the best of princes.

Omphram having ended her tale, the sage Iracagem waved his wand, and commanding the race of the faithful to sit down on the car-

pets spread under their feet, he ordered a collation worthy of his race to be produced.

A number of inferior genii immediately brought in a service of milk and rice.

"Plain, like their instruction," said he "is the diet of the faithful; their desires are not after the flesh, but after the immortal food of the mind. As the courser despiseth the pastures over which he engageth in the race, so doth the child of Heaven pass by the pleasures of the sons of earth.

"To satisfy the mind is the business of our race, and to liken it to the image of its original fountain: feed then, my children," continued Iracagem, "the necessary cravings of your earthly frames, but suffer not the clay-moulded case to weigh down the precious jewel it contains."

The disciples of the genii having finished their abstemious repast, Hassarack was ordered to recite the tale of Kelaun and Guzzarat.

TALE IV.

Kelaun and Guzzarat.

BENEATH the foot of a lofty rock, in the mountains of Gabel-el-ared, lived a homely peasant, whose business it was to lead a few sheep through the hollow passages of the mountains, from one fruitful valley to another, that they might feed on the herbs which grew plentifully near the rills and cascades.

rades, on every side descending from the craggy precipices.

Canfu had followed this pastoral life from a child, and his stock consisted of twelve sheep, which he attended, and four goats which his wife daily milked for the support of Canfu and her son.

If Canfu had harboured a wish beyond the present scene, it was, that Kelaun, his son, might hereafter become the husband of his neighbour Raask's daughter.

With this intent, the two children were made acquainted with each other from their infancy, and brought daily into the same spot of ground to play and gambol together.

But the haughty disposition of his comrade Guzzarat, soon grew offensive to the fiery temper of the impetuous Kelaun; and the young couple, instead of imbibing a love and friendship for each other in their infancy, broke out into mutual hatred and animosity.

Canfu saw their growing dislike with the utmost grief and sorrow: he had asked of his prophet but one request, and that he perceived would be denied him.

The angry father could not conceal his vexation, but daily poured out his discontent against the gracious purposes of Heaven, which he imagined were for ever contrived to thwart and disappoint him.

As he was one day sitting on a stone, and watching his flock by the side of a cascade, which ran foaming from the rocks above, he perceived a naked body come tumbling down the torrent, and which having passed the fall,

swam

swam on the surface of the waters, and seemed to all appearance dead.

He could not behold such a sight, without endeavouring to rescue the body from the current, which he effected with his crook; as the stream, though rapid, was very narrow.

Having pulled it on the bank, he perceived it was the body of a beautiful woman, which, as soon, as the water dried from it, gave signs of life, and by degrees recovered its powers of action.

The modest Canfu had pulled from his shoulders the vest which he wore, and spread it on the stranger, when he drew her to the land, but he was greatly surprized to find that she was so soon recovered; nor was his amazement lessened, when he perceived a web like a wing expand from each shoulder, and saw the fair stranger mount into the air, like an eagle soaring to the sun.

Canfu watched her with his eyes; she flew toward the rock, from whence she was carried down by the torrent, and several times encircled the range of mountains in her flight, and seemed to be in quest of some prey.

On a sudden he perceived a second figure in the air; the winged female attacked it, and was repulsed, and fell again into the lake; and the shepherd again saw her carried down the cliff by the rapid stream.

Canfu in amaze drew the body out again, which being dried, revived as before, and presented to his view a beautiful female.

"It is in vain, O Canfu, to strive against a race who are my superiors. But for your kind-

kindness I must have perished; for such is my nature, that the water, in the time that the sun runs his course round the earth, would dissolve my being. I am of the race of the genii, of those bold and free genii, who dared disobey the seal of Solyman, and the commands of Mahomet.

"It is my delight to thwart the will of that prophet; you saw me this moment engaging with the genius Nadoc, who was bearing a message from Mahomet. Nadoc knowing the imperfection of my nature, would not attack me till I flew directly over the lake; he then maliciously plunged me into the water, hoping to destroy me; but I knew one was near to help me, who was offended at the prophet, because he disregarded thy prayer. What Mahomet, therefore, denied thee, O Canfu, I will grant, provided thou consentest, for my power is limited; neither may I help or distress mankind, without their own approbation or concurrence."

"O beautiful genius," answered Canfu, "thou hast my consent; unite but my son Kelaun in the bonds of marriage with Guzzarat, and I will ever be obedient to thy commands."

"Return then with joy to thine hut," said Giuraha, "for already a part of thy wish is granted."

As he spake these words, he spread her airy pinions, and mounted from his sight.

Canfu was at a great distance from his hut, and did not arrive under his native rock, till the

the sun was hidden behind the mountains of Gabel-el-ared.

The twelve sheep and the four goats preceded him. His wife knew the bleat of the sheep, and ran out to meet her returning husband.

"Thy sheep," said she, "O Canfu, are complete in number; thy goats also are four, even as they went out with thee so are they returned; but where is Kelaun, thy son?"

"Kelaun," answered the astonished father, "went not out with me; the way was tiresome and dangerous, and I would not suffer him to accompany me."

"I know it well, O Canfu," replied his wife, "Kelaun went out, while the sun was yet in the vallies, to seek thee —,"

At these words the countenance of Canfu fell, for he remembered at that time it was, that he had given Giuaraha his consent.

"Is he not," replied the anxious father, "with Guzzarat, the daughter of Raask?"

Their huts were not a furlong apart; Canfu hastened toward the dwelling of Raask, but Kelaun was not there.

Tired as the shepherd was with the heat and labour of the preceding day, yet leaving his sheep to the care of his wife, he set out to seek among the mountains his wandering son.

He laboured the whole night in a fruitless search, and returned to his hut in the morning, spent and overcome with grief, care, and remorse.

"Alas,"

"Alas," said the unhappy father, "I have consented to my own misery, and Giuaraha has stolen from me the only joy of my heart! O prophet—but" said the wretched Canfu, "I dare not call upon thee, for I have joined with thine enemies, and thou hast justly deserted me!"

We must, however, leave the sorrowful hut of Canfu, and follow the steps of the little Kelaun among the mountains.

Kelaun was well acquainted with the vallies and rocks which stood near the habitation of his father; he knew the notches which Canfu had cut as directions, and followed them faithfully till the day-light decreased, every moment expecting to meet his father, and the sheep, and the goats, whose company he preferred to the imperious Guzzarat.

But when night overtook him, his little knees knocked together with fear, and because his parent had forgotten to teach him to address any other power, he prayed to Canfu, and cried aloud that he would come and deliver him.

He was then on a barren spot, surrounded on all sides with rocks, except a small aperture through which he had crept.

As he gained the middle of this vale, a small blue flame burst forth out of the ground, which increased in a pyramidical form, till it seemed like a hillock of fire.

The wind immediately arose, and bellowed on the cliffs and ragged tops of the surrounding mountains, but no storm could reach the bottom of the vale, where the infant Kelaun stood

stood gazing at the rising flame which burned in the middle of the heath.

Presently the air was filled with shrieks, and in a moment the blue fire was surrounded with the Genii of the place.

The first in dignity stood the bold Giuraha; she commanded silence among them, and ere they began their midnight rites, harangued them to the following effect:

“O ye invincible but by water! see among your ranks an infant devoted to the power of our art. His parent has consented to our dominion, and Kelaun, the son of Canfu, is committed into the care of the despisers of Mahomet. Let us see, therefore, O royal race, how far the human heart is capable of being tutored in the licentious maxims of our undaunted establishment: let us carry him to our palace, in the center of the earth, and instruct him in such artifices and wiles, as may make him a scourge to the humble dependants on the prophet of Mecca.”

To this exhortation the whole assembly muttered applause, and the valley sinking by degrees, descended with the Genii and their prize; and left the black heavy mountains above tottering with their powerful enchantments.

Kelaun, amazed and confounded at the sight, filled the air with his cries, but his fears were vain: Canfu had resigned his son, and Mahomet would not rescue those who mistrusted and hated his government.

The valley having descended for some time, at length stopped, and with a shake like that of

an earthquake, settled itself in the bowels of the globe.

No sooner was the valley fixed, than the solid rocks which surrounded it, opened on every side, and formed rough and irregular arches and avenues leading from its center.

Immediately an innumerable host of evil Genii issued from the rocks, and the place was filled with the restless spirits of those disturbers of mankind.

But far above the rest was seen the proud Allahoara, the leader and encourager of that rebellious crew of Genii, whose voice was as the echoes of thunder on the mountains, and whose restless eye-balls shot flashes of lightning like the vengeful clouds.

The little Kelaun stood astonished at his presence, and Giuaraha led him trembling like the pendant aspen-leaf that overshadows the flood.

Allahoara, who knew the prize that his sister Giuaraha had brought, commended her care and fidelity to the cause of the restless Genii, and gave orders that the infant should be immediately put under proper tutors to educate him, and make him capable of the work they proposed to employ him in.

Giuaraha was appointed his nurse, and she it was whom Allahoara commanded to lead Kelaun through the schools of that abandoned race.

These orders being issued, the tumultuous band dispersed through the caverns and the arched rocks, and left Giuaraha with her little prize.

At first the Genius led him through a range of vaulted rocks into a long room of splendid garments, and endeavoured to fix his attention upon them; she made him try on several, and told him he looked like a little god: Kelaun was pleased with the finery of the place, and began to give credit to the words of Giuaraha.

His little head was soon filled with vanity, and his thoughts centered in himself.

Next she placed him on a soft sofa, at the extremity of the room, and while he lay entranced in sleep, she presented before his imagination a vision of the night.

Kelaun, as he slept, thought that he saw his father Canfu on the rocks of Gabel-elared; the form of his visage was as the dark black precipice, and he spake as the angry waves when they rush into the hollow caverns; he chid the little Kelaun because he appeared so gay, and commanded him to put on his shepherd's coat, and follow the twelve sheep to the brook.

Kelaun awaked with the terrors of the vision, and told his tale to the artful Giuaraha.

"Silly father!" said the Genius, "silly Canfu, the shepherd! Shall Kelaun, the favourite of the Genii, regard the dreams of a father, or think again of the poor shepherd Canfu! No, my son, despise the lessons which the base goat-herd has taught you, and think no more of the tales of thy unworthy parents. Kelaun, my son, was born to rule; How, then, shall he which is a king, regard the lessons of poverty and ignorance?"

She then took the vain son of Canfu by the hand, and led him, accoutred in tawdry robes, to a small field where a thousand little imps were playing together: at the sight of Kelaun they all bowed, and began to praise the plumes which adorned his head, and the robe which flowed from his shoulders. They entered into contests to divert him, and filled the place with tumult and disorder.

Some brought before him divers little animals, which they contrived to torture by a variety of punishments. Others taught him to confound and destroy whatever he met with; while a little imp put in his hand several implements of cruelty, and encouraged him to exercise them on his comrades.

Kelaun entered with a savage joy into the spirit of his instructor, and first began to wreak his wanton cruelty on the adviser of the sport; nor would aught but magic art have prevented him from goading the person of the Genius Giuaraha.

Having a short time used him to these sports, she took him to a small hut, where dwelt an old hag accoutred in rags and filth.

"Morad," said the Genius, "I will leave this pupil with you for a time; instruct him in your arts, and make him a fit scourge for mankind."

Morad immediately struck the little Kelaun to the ground with her crutch; after a time he arose with tears in his eyes, and found the Genius had left him.

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"Strip,

"Strip, urchin," said Morad, "strip off these fools feathers, and take that vessel to the brook for water."

Kelaun, recovering from the blow, refused to obey Morad, and inquired for his former instructor; but the old hag, with curses, drove him out of the house to a muddy ditch, where she commanded him to draw water for their support.

Kelaun saw it was in vain to disobey; he brought the wretched produce of the ditch to the hut, and Morad set before him some carrion for his support.

"The lesson of poverty and necessity," said the hag, "is various; it makes men merciful, or it makes them cruel. It teacheth the mean spaniel to crouch, but it smeareth the mouth of the tyger with carnage and blood."

"Be mine the tyger's lot," said Kelaun, "though Morad be the subject of my wrath."

"The blessings of Morad, which are curses, attend thee," replied the hag.

Morad then led the little urchin into a dark cave, filled with the bodies of the dead.

"There," said she, "learn to glut thyself with human gore; this is thy resting-place. Early in the morning must thou rise to some new work of misery."

Kelaun, though hardened in malice and stubbornness, yet shuddered at the thought of such a lodging, and followed Morad as she went forth from the cavern; but the hag seized him by the hair, and dragging him back,

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He muttered some enchantment over him, and left him without motion on the bodies of the slain.

Custom soon reconciled the little imp to this scene of horrors, and Morad perceiving him sufficiently inured to the sight of wretchedness and poverty, carried him again to the Genius Giuaraha.

"Is Kelaun," said the Genius, "the favourite of Morad?"

"Yes," answered the hag, "Kelaun is now fit for the lessons of fraud and hypocrisy."

Giuaraha then led him toward a gloomy wood, in the center of which lived the old and decrepit Nervan.

"Nervan, the friend of our race," said Giuaraha, "receive this pupil into thy arms, and teach him the lessons of fraud and hypocrisy."

Nervan bowed humbly to the Genius, and taking Kelaun by the hand, he led him into a cell formed of bones and skulls.

"What doth the little imp of mortality," said Nervan, "think of my dwelling?"

"I think," said Kelaun, "that Morad has devoured the carcase, and left Nervan the bones."

"So," continued Nervan, "think the sons of folly; as the eye believes do they believe, and their minds are guided by the senses of their bodies. Such intellects will make thee inferior, and not above mankind; take then this sponge, and draw it over thine eyes."

Kelaun took the sponge which Nervan drew forth from under his garments, and having applied it to his eyes, beheld not a cell of bones, but a noble mosque, adorned with the tombs of sultans and prophets.

Nervan immediately prostrated himself before one of the tombs, and bid Kelaun do so likewise.

The son of the shepherd knew not what worship he was to pay, but imitated the devout motions of Nervan.

As the old man arose, Kelaun inquired, why he, the servant of the race of Genii, who despise Mahomet, should worship in his temple?

"So," said Nervan, "think the sons of folly; as the eyes believe do they believe, and their minds are guided by the senses of their bodies.

"Know, then, thou feather, who swimmest upon the surface of the lake, but seest not what rocks it conceals, that the greatest irreligion is a mockery of Alla and his prophets, and that hypocrisy is the most dangerous vice of the evil-minded. Let the credulous followers of Mahomet believe thee devout, and let them see thee prostrate before this tomb, so shall thy vices be coloured by enthusiasm like unto virtues, and thy sins shall appear as the fulfilling of the dictates of religion.

"Weak minds are overpowered by superstitious fears; and he who believes without foundation, is as the quicksand in the sea."

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At these words Giuaraha appeared: *
"Enough," said the evil Genius, "enough is done: strong passions and desires thou hast by nature, O Kelaun! thy parents have suffered them to increase, and I have taught thee to indulge them. Thou art now a fit scourge for the faithful, and shall this day see with me the realms of the caliph of Bagdat."

As she spake she seized the youth by the arm, and in a moment they were in the royal palace of Bagdat.

Kelaun found himself in a large apartment, a noble youth on a sofa was sleeping before him.

"Kelaun, said the Genius, thou beholdest the heir of the caliph of Bagdat."

"But I have no weapon," answered he, "eternize the sleep of this delicate heir."

"That," replied Giuaraha, "is not permitted us. Could we carry our agents at pleasure to perpetrate what mischief we have

* In the original, Kelaun is led from one scene of villany to another, which he learns from the several tutors Giuaraha appoints over him. But the descriptions are very horrid, and so full of the most abominable devices, that I thought it proper to suppress the account of these schools of vice, as bad hearts might be too far instructed by them, and good hearts could not read them without some uneasiness. I have therefore omitted them, and brought Kelaun out of the regions of darkness as soon as I could, though I am sensible the beauty of the tale will be lessened.

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conceived against the sons of the faithful, Kelaun should have a thousand darts, all charged with the poison of the scorpion; but, alas! our power is curbed by that Mahomet whom we detest! neither could I have brought Kelaun to this place, had not Raalcour, the heir of the caliph of Bagdat, neglected to make his pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet. But your hand must not be on his life; therefore, I will secure Raalcour, and give to Kelaun the form of his person."

So saying, Giuaraha breathed on the son of the shepherd, and touching the sleeping Raalcour with her finger, he became a bird.

Kelaun seeing the metamorphosis, ran eagerly to seize the bird, and Raalcour had died under his hands, but for the interposition of Giuaraha.

"What, wretch!" said the Genius, "art thou so abandoned in malice, that the commands of thy protectress can have no influence over thee! the curse, then, of blindness fall upon thee; and lest you should betray, by your malicious follies, the secrets of our race, I will take from you the remembrance of the past."

"And cursed," returned Kelaun, "cursed by the prophet whom thou hatest be thy detested race; may your toils and labours be ever attended with the execrations of those whom you pretend to serve. There is neither peace nor friendship, there is neither gratitude nor love in the workers of evil, and they shall be first to curse you whom ye most seek to bless."

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At these words, the Genius answered not, but fled howling away, for she perceived the spirit of the prophet of Mecca spake in Kelaun, and she sought with remorse the caverns of the earth, the vallies of death.

And now the mutes and eunuchs opened the doors of the apartment, and prostrated themselves before the fictitious Raalcour.

"Death," said they, "hath closed the eyes of Zimprah, and the caliph of Bagdat, thy father, is ascended into the ninth heaven! the houri's bathe his precious body in rivers of milk; and everlasting virgins new weave, at his approach, the bowers of Paradise; he is gone unhurt over the burning grate; he is chief in honour among the race of the faithful!"

Kelaun heard the voices of the eunuchs, but saw them not, and they were amazed to find their supposed caliph groping like unto one who searcheth for light.

"O," said the chief of the eunuchs, "what evil hath befallen my royal lord? Why doth he refuse to look upon his prostrate slaves? The whole city wait with longing eyes to behold their new caliph, and Raalcour seeth not the slaves which acknowledge him for their lord."

"Proclaim, then," said Kelaun, "the mightiest rewards for him who shall restore to the powers of sight the caliph of Bagdat."

Seven days went the heralds forth with trumpets and hautboys, and proclaimed the mightiest rewards for him who should restore

to the powers of fight the caliph of Bagdat.

The tribe who gave ease to the sick, came to the palace in throngs, all promising fight to the blind caliph, but their applications had no effect on the representative of Raalcour.

The caliph, enraged by disappointment, commanded all those that failed to sudden execution.

Every day was the ax of the executioner fed with blood, the city mourned the loss of its sages, but the eyes of the caliph were still strangers to light.

After a time came a young man in the habit of a physician, and required to be brought before the caliph, that he might try his skill.

The attendants in the seraglio were sorry to see any more pretenders arrive; they cautioned the young physician not to undertake a cure which was so likely to end in his own destruction; nor add, by his intrepidity, to the blood which had been already spilled in the city.

To these remonstrances he answered nothing; but, with a smile, bid them not distrust his skill, but immediately admit him to the presence of the caliph.

The slaves and eunuchs of Kelaun, obeyed with reluctance, and led the young man into the chamber of the fictitious caliph, with the like silence and sorrow that they would have carried out a friend to the inclosures of the dead.

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The young physician made his obeisance before Kelaun; but the surly monarch bid him proceed to his work without delay, as the hand of the executioner waited for his head.

The young man seemed not the least dismayed by his threats, but taking a quantity of powder from a bag which he held under his vest, he blew it in the face of the caliph, and the scales fell from his eyes, and Kelaun beheld the light.

The attendants in the seraglio beheld with joy the happy transformation, and the caliph surveyed, with eyes of pleasure, the man who had blessed him with sight.

"Let this physician," said he, "be exalted in the land; let him be above every vizir and every noble in our realms; let honour attend him, and every new sun behold him more and more respected and beloved. Demand of me," continued Kelaun, "demand what reward your soul would wish to be possessed of, even to the half of my kingdom, and thou shalt enjoy it."

"O caliph," answered the young physician, "far be it from me to seek honour or riches; far be it for an humble cottager to mix in the tumults of the great; forgive me but one deceit, and the heart of thy servant shall rest satisfied for ever."

As she spake these words, the young physician laid bare her bosom, and Kelaun beheld that he was talking to a beautiful female.

"Happy am I," said the caliph Kelaun, "that nature has pointed out a proper reward

ward for my lovely physician: yes, fair stranger," continued he, "thou art the sultana of my heart, and shall divide with me the pleasures and the empire which I enjoy."

The fair stranger fell at the caliph's feet, and, after a small silence, thus addressed the fictitious Raalcour:

"To be the meanest of thy slaves is the wish of Guzzarat, the daughter of the peasant Raask, a base inhabitant of the mountains of Gabel-el-ared."

"I know not," answered Kelaun, "the mountains you speak of; but Paradise itself would not be degraded by the birth of my lovely sultana. But why do I suffer such perfection to lie on the earth, like a jewel that is un-found, when it will add such lustre to my crown! Yes, lovely stranger! this day shall make thee mistress of the caliph Raalcour."

"Strange it is, my lord," said Guzzarat rising, "that the prince Raalcour should be ignorant of the mountains of Gabel-el-ared, where you have so often chased the foaming tyger on the rocks that hung over the cottage of my father, and where I have, with wishful eyes traced your divine steps; nay, doth not my lord remember, that once, when tired and fatigued with the chase, he prayed my mother to bring him a cup of water; and she sent your slave Guzzarat to you with the milk of her goats. Yes, my lord, you smiled when I approached, and you bid me obey with cheerfulness the command of my parent."

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The son of Canfu understood not this conversation, his memory of the past was taken from him; neither otherwise could he have known what the true Raalcour had done before his transformation.

"Alas, my princess!" answered Kelaun, "I lost with my sight all the memory of the past; neither knew I my state when my slaves came around me, till my faithful eunuch declared to me my titles; but whether thou art descended from a throne or a cottage, whether thou camest like the sapphire, from the entrails of the earth, or like the morning star, from the chambers of the sun, thy worth is thyself, and can receive no additional lustre from that which surrounds it. But by what art, my fair stranger, did you work this miracle in my behalf? Who did open the treasures of physic before thee, and where did the young virgin of the mountains obtain a knowledge, surpassing the sages who have long studied in the city?"

"My lord," answered Guzzarat," "shall hear his slave unfold all her knowledge before him.

"Several moons had passed since I had seen my prince Raalcour hunting in the mountains, when I heard from the caravans which travelled over our rocks, that the caliph Zimprah was no more, and that Raalcour, his son, was proclaimed caliph of Bagdat: the travellers also informed me, that the caliph's sight was departed from him, and that high rewards were published for those who should restore him to his sight.

“Hearing these things, my mind was with my lord the caliph, and I wished for the power of giving light to the eyes of my prince; and I said to my mother, “O that Guzzarat was capable of restoring sight to the blind!”

“Wherefore,” said the wife of Raask, “doth Guzzarat long to occupy the business of the sages?”

“Then made I answer, ‘Knoweth not, my mother, that the caliph languisheth in darkness, and the sight of his eyes are passed from him?’

“And she answered, ‘Vain Guzzarat! how doth the pomp of greatness bewilder the thoughts and wishes of the poor! Alas! my daughter hath forgotten contentment, since she saw the richness of the garments of the prince Raalcour. Vain Guzzarat, return to thy charge, and feed the goats in the pastures of Gabel-el-ared.’

“So saying, my angry parent drove me before her, and ordered me to keep my father’s goats from straying on the mountains.

“My feet obeyed the voice of my mother, but my heart fled like a leopard over the rocks, and was fixed on my lord the caliph.

“I went discontented with my goats to the mountains, and ridiculed the poverty and humility of my parents. ‘Why,’ said I, sighing, ‘hath nature put aspiring minds under the fetters of age and authority? Why must the quick pulse of gaiety and youth be deadened

by the torturing precepts of infirmity? Doth not the young lion rush more furiously on its prey than the aged sovereign of the woods? Doth not the colt outstrip its mother in the chace? Why, then, should the bloom of Guzzarat be hidden and buried with the wrinkles of the wife of Raask?

“As I spake thus to the rocks and caverns, I beheld a young shepherdess entering the pastures; her hair was interwoven with the pride of the fields, and chaplets of flowers hung round her garments; she slightly tripped her feet to the music of a flute, which she breathed upon, and her voice, like the voice of melody, was intermingled with the wild notes of her instrument.

“As she advanced with her flocks, I arose to meet her in the dance. She smiled at my approach, and thus she began her pleasant raillery.

‘O elegant companion of the goats and sheep, how dost thou love to revel here in the luxurious bosom of thy parent mountain!

‘Happy Guzzarat, whose pleasure is obedience; and happier wife of Raask, who is blessed with the eldest daughter of duty and submission!’

“As she thus spake she cast a smile of ridicule upon me, and turning, cried out, ‘Follow, dear Guzzarat, yon adventurous goat; behold, thy companion is clambering among the precipices!’

“I looked, indeed, and saw the goat was straying; but stung with her severities, I

cried out, "O fair stranger, rather lessen my misfortunes by your pity and advice, than increase them by your cruel reflections!"

"Is Guzzarat, then," said the shepherdess, "willing to follow the advice of her friend!"

"Yes, answered I, 'deliver me but from this distressed situation, and I will for ever acknowledge your kindness.'

"Then," answered the shepherdess, "return to your cottage, and whatever you are ordered to perform, be disobedient; and if I find you faithful, meet me here in three days."

"As she said thus, she began her song, and winding with her flock among the rocks, soon stole from my sight.

"At night I returned to the cottage, and the wife of Raask ordered me to prepare a kid for our suppers; but her commands were to me of less consequence than the promise which I had made the shepherdess of the mountains.

"The wife of Raask was enraged at my disobedience; and my father being absent, she called her neighbour Canfu, to help in subduing her refractory daughter.

"The monster Canfu was rejoiced to torment me; he dragged me by the hair to the cottage, and tied me to a post that is fixed before the door."

"Who," said the caliph enraged, and interrupting Guzzarat's tale, "who is this wretch Canfu, who dared violate the beauties of my lovely Guzzarat?"

"Prince

"Prince of my life," answered Guzzarat, "you have not yet heard the cruelties of this base shepherd; my ignominious situation did not satisfy the malice that he had conceived against me.

"My father returned home at night, and hearing my obstinacy, commended his wife for calling in the assistance of Canfu to subdue me. But I told him I was tired of a peasant's life, and would not be controlled.

"Raask put on frowns as I spoke, and his countenance was turned against me; 'What!' said he, with fury and rage, 'dost thou despise the parents that have nourished thee, and thy friends that would reclaim thee! Then let the blessings of them that would bless thee, turn into curses on thy disobedient head, and let the friendship of Canfu be fury and controul over thee.'

'Yes,' answered the cruel Canfu, 'I, my friend, will subdue this wicked Guzzarat for thee. The heart of a parent bleedeth for the tears of its offsprings, but correction cometh best from a friend.'

"My father then delivered me into the hands of the monster Canfu, who forced me from the sight of my parents to his odious cottage.

"As soon as we arrived there, I was given over to the correction of his wife.

'There,' said the wretch Canfu, 'revenge the loss of thy son on this proud, disobedient female.'

"The eyes of the wife Canfu glistened as she beheld me, and her rage and revenge
D 3 broke

broke out in blows and imprecations ; nor did the merciless woman forbear, till overcome with her cruelty, I sunk to the ground."

" By the powers of desolation," said the fictitious caliph Kelaun, " the wretch Canfu and his cursed wife shall experience the most exquisite tortures !

" Let them," continued he, turning to his eunuchs, " let the wretches be brought ere the morning to the divan, and let a scaffold be erected, so that the whole city may be witness to their punishment."

" Yea," answered Guzzarat, prostrating herself before the caliph, " so let the enemies of the righteous perish."

" Proceed," said the caliph, raising her up, " proceed, lovely Guzzarat, in your tale ; I am in terrors to think how you escaped the malice of your accursed enemies."

" For two days," answered Guzzarat, I was confined and tortured by Canfu and his wife ; and the third day, as she dragged me forth to inflict her daily stripes upon me (her husband being with his flock) I rose up against her, and contended with her. She called for help, but no one was near ; at length I prevailed, and leaving her stretched on the ground in a swoon, I hastened to the rocks, where I had before seen the shepherdess of the mountains, still in terrors, lest Canfu should stray in the same paths.

" At the decline of sun my fair instructress appeared, but her flock followed her not ; she held in one hand a bag, and in the other a bundle of raiment.

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"As she advanced forward she held forth the bag to me, saying, 'My spirited pupil, take this powder, and put on this raiment, the garb of a sage of Bagdat, and I will convey you to that city, where you must demand admittance to the caliph, and throwing some of this powder in his eyes, he shall receive his sight.'

"She then arrayed me in the vestments she had brought, and giving me the bag, she blew upon me, and in a moment I found myself in the streets of Bagdat, before the royal palace.

"A crowd soon gathered around me, 'What!' said they, 'art thou alone left of our sages, or art thou a stranger? which if thou art, and cannot give sight to the blind, depart this city.'

'Yes,' answered I, 'I am come to restore Raalcour to his slaves.'

'Then may the prophet bless thy work,' answered they.

"Immediately I entered the palace, and the eunuchs brought me before my lord the caliph."

"This day," said the fictitious Raalcour, "shall be for ever remembered with joy, for I have not only received the sight of my eyes, but also an object worthy of their utmost contemplation."

The caliph took the ambitious fair one by the hand, and that day she was proclaimed sultaness of Bagdat.

In the mean time the messengers of the caliph ordered the scaffold to be prepared, and sent

sent out an armed body to apprehend Canfu and his wife.

The soldiers arrived at the cottage in the night, and beat against the door, demanding Canfu to come forth.

Canfu looked through the lattice, and saw the soldiers of the caliph; and being terrified at the sight, he cried out, "O Genii of the air, where is Kelaun, my son? Where are the promises which you made to the wretched Canfu? Now, if ever, O help my distress!"

As he spake, the evil Genius Giuaraha appeared.

"What," said she, "does my subject Canfu require?"

"O," answered Canfu, "the soldiers of the caliph beset me; thou knowest, good Genius, that they are the instruments of death."

"Fear not, shepherd," answered Giuaraha; "have not I said it, and who shall make vain my words? Even yet shalt thou see Kelaun thy son in the arms of the imperious Guzzarat. Nay," continued she, "ask me no more; thy wish alone was to see thy son Kelaun the husband of thy neighbour Raask's daughter: the Genii of the air are contented to fulfil their promises. If we grant your wish, what more have you to require? Whether the blind wish of mortality proceedeth from wisdom or folly, concerneth but little our immortal race."

Thus saying, Giuaraha turned from Canfu with a smile of contempt, and spreading her airy pinions, disappeared from his sight, and the soldiers rushing into the cottage, bound

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the wretched parents of Kelaun, and led them away to the city of Bagdat.

Before the sun was awakened from the dream of night, Canfu and his wife were led in chains to the outer court of the palace, and the first salutation which the eunuchs gave the fictitious Raalcour and his new sultana, was, that Canfu and his wife were confined in chains in the outer court of the seraglio.

The eyes of Guzzarat swam in malice at the eunuchs report, and the metamorphosed caliph arose with indignation to see the enemies of his sultaness tortured before his face.

A throne was prepared at a distance from the scaffold, whither the pretended Raalcour and Guzzarat ascended, with all the nobles of the court of Bagdat.

The streets were filled with expecting eyes, and the whole city with eagerness strove which should be the nearest spectators of the bloody tragedy.

The caliph had commanded that no terrifying ceremony should be omitted. His short reign had already been a reign of cruelty, and in this execution he was willing greatly to exceed the former measures of his tyrannic disposition.

Twenty officers in black, their heads bald, and their legs and feet naked, proceeded to the scaffold, bearing a skull in their right hands, and a torch burning with foetid odours in their left.

These were followed by six dressed in white, whose close garments bones were painted,
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in imitation of skeletons, and other fearful ghastly forms.

These spectres had each a raw piece of flesh in their mouths, dropping with gore and clotted blood.

Next twelve, of a gigantic stature came stalking forward; their faces were painted of a fiery red, a fictitious smoke seemed to issue from their nostrils, and each bore in his arms a naked infant, on whom they inflicted real torments; for such was the cruelty of the caliph Kelaun, that rather than lose that addition to the fatal tragedy he meant to represent, he had commanded twelve infants to be furnished out of the city for that inhuman scenery.

The cries of these poor infants struck the hearts of the populace with the most lively terrors, and multiplied, beyond thought, the distress of Canfu and his wife, who followed the twelve of gigantic stature.

First came the wife of Canfu: two naked figures, smeared with blood and carnage, drew her along with red-hot pincers. Her cries pierced every heart but those of the cursed Kelaun, and his imperious sultaneß. The malice of Guzzarat was unsatisfied with the performance of the tormentors; she called out from the throne, and commanded them to strike their instruments deeper into the flesh of her enemy.

The last in this melancholy scene was the shepherd Canfu; he was borne by eight slaves, arrayed in the bloody skins of as many tygers. Each slave held a jagged hook in his hand,
which

which being plunged into the flesh of the wretched shepherd, served as handles to suspend him in torment.

The cries, groans, and lamentations of this miserable couple, were such as the enemies of Mahomet only could utter, and the hearts of the evil Genii hear, without remorse and horror. The whole city groaned to see the tyranny of the caliph, and the savage joy of his haughty sultaneſs.

As this hated proceſſion was moving from the ſeraglio to the ſcaffold, the ſhouts of the multitude, and the inſtruments of war, were heard at a diſtant part of the city. The ſiſtitious caliph, in terrors, commanded the bloody tragedy to ſtop, and inquired what noiſe in the city diſturbed his ears.

The whole populace were amazed, no one knew the cauſe, nor imagined whence the diſtant tumult could proceed.

The caliph's uncertainty was ſhort, for in a moment the Genius Haſſarack appeared. She was clad in a refulgent armour of gold, a thouſand feathers nodded on her creſt; on her left hand ſat perched a little bird, and in her right hand ſhe held a wand of adamant.

An hundred thouſand armed troops followed behind; the guards of Kelaun were confounded at the ſight, and the tyrant was ſo univerſally hated, that no one ſtrove to arm in his behalf.

As the Genius came forward ſhe waved her adamantine wand, and the ſiſtitious caliph
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and his cruel sultaness, became fixed on their thrones.

She then turned to the wretched shepherd Canfu, who was still upheld by the jagged hooks of the cruel tormentors.

"Curfed alike," said she, "are the agents and the instruments of cruelty."

As she spake, the whole procession seemed in flames, and in a moment all but Canfu and his wife were reduced to ashes.

The sinews of Canfu were almost benumbed with death, and the vision of day was falling from his eyes! When Hassarack appeared, sufficient life only remained for him to see and understand the scene before him.

"The law of his prophet was grievous unto Canfu," said the Genius Hassarack, "and the unsearchable ways of the great Alla seemed unto him crooked and unjust. Shall then the thoughts of the righteous Alla be likened unto his thoughts? Or shall the hand of him, who made the stars and sun, be guided by the vain decrees of a reptile's heart?"

"O Canfu! thou short-sighted, unbelieving wretch, what hast thou gained by leaving the worship of Mahomet, to follow the wicked steps of the apostate Genii. It was because the prophet of the faithful knew, that only evil could arise from the loves of Guzzarat and Kelaun, that he had intended ever to separate them, thereby to bless and prolong the life of Canfu his votary; but since you have denied Mahomet your guardian, and sought fellowship with his enemies, therefore he hath suffered them to repay your impious service."

services with such exquisite miseries, by granting you the foolish wishes of your heart. Behold then, thou worshipper of the evil Genii, thou infamous renegade, thou blasphemer of our holy prophet, the desires of thy heart completed.

As Hassarack spake thus, she again waved her wand, and the robes of the caliph fell from the fictitious Raalcour, and the form of his face was the form of Kelaun, the son of the shepherd Canfu.

The tortured Canfu looked with amaze on his metamorphosed son; nor was Kelaun less astonished, when, recovering his former shape and memory, he perceived that his cruelties had been directed against his father and mother.

"O cursed Giuraha," said the faltering Canfu, "thou hast indeed joined Kelaun with the haughty Guzzarat. Thy promise is fulfilled, and Canfu falls a prey to the follies of his own short-sighted desires."

As he thus spake, the wretched shepherd expired with his eyes fixed on Kelaun and his imperious mistress; nor did the spirit of his wife survive her husband's melancholy fate.

Guzzarat beheld these strange interviews with displeasure; instead of the caliph Raalcour, she found herself tied to her neighbour Kelaun, and herself no longer sultaneß of Bagdat, but again a mean shepherdess of Gabel-el-ared.

Her tongue was charged with malice, and her eyes with resentment, but Hassarack had,

by her magic power, stopped all farther utterance of her passions.

The continuation of the Tale of Kelaun and Guzzarat.

THE multitude of Bagdat, who were gathered around the scaffold, which the fictitious caliph had erected for the execution of Canfu and his wife, were hardly less astonished at the amazing changes which the Genius Hassarack had caused, than the principal actors themselves. They saw with pleasure one tyrant deposed, but they knew not how the shepherd Kelaun could personate their caliph.

Hassarack knew their thoughts, and turning to the populace, "Where," said she, "O inhabitants of Bagdat, where is your caliph Raalcour? Behold him," proceeded she, "here, in the form of this bird, suffering the malice of the evil Genii. But do not think, inhabitants of Bagdat," continued she, "that Mahomet had permitted this transformation, unless Raalcour, by neglecting to attend the mosques of the prophet, had subjected himself to the displeasure of Alla. But his sufferings are at an end, and to me it is given to restore your lost caliph to his subjects."

Thus saying, she gently stroked the bird with her wand, and by degrees Raalcour was restored to his former shape.

The inhabitants of Bagdat saw with the utmost joy the pleasing transformation, and sent

up their public thanksgivings to Mahomet and Hassarack, who had delivered them from the bondage of the tyrant Kelaun, and restored them their lawful caliph Raalcour.

Raalcour was no sooner sensible of his transformation, than he ascended the scaffold, and kneeling in the sight of all his subjects, "Thus," said he, "O my people, do I petition our prophet for pardon and peace. To Alla, the all-powerful, belongeth glory and worship; and base are we his creatures, if we neglect to pay our religious services unto him. For what is the most perfect mode of life or uprightness free from guile, if we neglect to praise and bless the Author of our existence."

"Well pleased am I," said Hassarack, "to see these early acknowledgements of your gratitude, O caliph! and now having humbled yourself before Alla, ascend your throne, and begin your reign of justice upon these offenders against Alla and his people."

"Let then," said Raalcour, "let the wretches Kelaun and Guzzarat ascend the scaffold which themselves have prepared for a different execution. But let their deaths shew the humanity of their judge, though not the heinousness of their own offences."

"May the rest of your judgements, O righteous caliph!" returned Hassarack, "be ever like the first; then will your subjects obey you with joy, and Mahomet, the rewarder of the faithful, will hereafter receive you into the blissful seats of ever-living paradise."

At these words, the Genius Hassarack disappeared, and the executioners led the haughty Guzzarat, and Kelaun, the son of the shepherd Canfu, to the scaffold.

Kelaun ascended with a sullen reluctance, and Guzzarat seemed more wishful to avoid her companion than the fate which she met.

Ere the ax had severed the head of the malicious shepherd, Kelaun turned his eyes towards the earth, and stamping with his feet, thus uttered his last rageful imprecations :

“ Slave have I been to evil all the days of my life ! I have toiled and earned nothing ; I have sown in care, and reaped not in merriment ; I have poisoned the comfort of others, but no blessing hath fallen into mine own lap ; hated am I among the sons of men, blasted are the paths whereon I tread ; my past actions are ravenous vultures gnawing on my bowels, and the sharpened claws of malicious spirits await my arrival among the regions of the cursed. Strike then, O ax, since the lightning of Alla delays to blast me ; and let my baneful body be trampled under the feet of the faithful, as the traveller crusheth with his feet the venomous adder ! ”

“ The words of Hassarack,” said the sage Iracagem, arising, “ are laden with the dew of instruction ; nor are our labours needless for the benefit of the children of men, since those accursed Genii, the rebellious mockers of our holy prophet, are incessantly beguiling the

the footsteps of the reptiles of earth; but praised be the prophet whom we serve, that impious race has no power over the faithful and obedient disciples of Mahomet. Such as have refused his sacred laws, or what is more dreadful, such as have known, and yet disregarded his commandments, are left a prey to those disobedient spirits."

"But, O my sister!" continued the sage chief to the Genius next to speak, "the eye of day grows dim, and these tabernacles of earth, whom we are instructing, will shortly sink with nature into the sleep of night; nor shall we break through the laws of the creation, or detain them from the blessings of rest. Alla hath made the day for labour and care, and the night for peace; and the works of Alla are wonderful and good."

At these words the bright assembly arose, and left the children of earth to their attendant Genii, who were led into apartments, and refreshed with plain and simple diet; and early the next morning, after their ablutions and attendance in the mosque, where the race of immortals do frequent homage to their prophet, they returned with their guardian Genii to the magnificent saloon; where, after the assembly were seated, the sage Iracagem arose and said—

"The lessons of my brethren yesterday were first designed to inculcate a regular search after happiness, which religion alone can teach us, as the merchant Abudah experienced in his various researches.

“ Our first and greatest duty is to obey the all-powerful Alla, and to serve him in truth and humility ; not to mistake, like Alfouan, the creature for the Creator ; nor, like Sanballad, to leave the duties of our respective stations unfulfilled, to follow after an idle phantom in cells and caverns of the earth ; much less to mix hypocrisy with devotion, and to offend Alla, in order to deceive mankind. But to love and prefer his will and his law above all things, even above the pleasures and temptations of the world ; lest, like the Sultan Hassan Assar, we add presumption to our crimes, and having been instructed in our duty, refuse to practise it.

“ Obedience to Alla will make all things easy to us ; it will give bloom to Nakin Palata, and joy and comfort to the sons of the faithful, while we readily submit to our allotted task, and call not in question, like Canfu, either the wisdom or mercy of Alla, who doth often withhold what might be esteemed blessings from us, in order to prevent us from the storm, which we neither can foresee nor dissipate. To trust therefore in him, to love him, to exalt him, to obey, and to give him praise, is the chief end and creation of man.

“ But as mutual weakness requires mutual support, so the great Alla has given to his children the laws and the duties of social morality, which will be explained to their tender minds by example, fraught with the blessings of instruction.—Therefore, O sister !” said the sage Iracagem, to her whose throne was placed
by

by Hassarack's, "let this favoured assembly partake of your entertaining advice."

The Genius immediately arose; and began the adventures of Urad, or the Fair Wanderer.

T A L E II.

The Adventures of Urad; or, the Fair Wanderer.

ON the banks of the river Tigris, far above where it washes the lofty city of the faithful, lived Nouri in poverty and widowhood, whose employment it was to tend the worm who clothes the richest and the fairest with its beautiful web. Her husband, who was a guard to the caravans of the merchants, lost his life in an engagement with the wild Arabs, and left the poor woman no other means of subsisting herself, or her infant daughter Urad, but by her labours among the silk worms, which were little more than sufficient to support nature, although her labours began ere the sunbeams played on the waters of the Tigris, and ended not till the stars were reflected from its surface.

Such was the business of the disconsolate Nouri, when the voluptuous Almurah was proclaimed sultan throughout his extensive dominions; nor was it long before his subjects felt the power of their sultan; for Almurah resolving to inclose a large tract of land for hunting and sporting, commanded the inhabitants

bitants of fourteen hundred villages to be expelled from the limits of his intended inclosure.

A piteous train of helpless and ruined families were in one day driven from their country and livelihood, and obliged to seek for shelter amidst the forests, the caves, and deserts, which surround the more uncultivated banks of the Tigris.

Many passed by the cottage of Nouri, the widow, among whom she distributed what little remains of provisions she had saved from the earnings of her labours the day before; and her little stock being exhausted, she had nothing but wishes and prayers left for the rest.

It happened, among the numerous throngs that travelled by her cottage, that a young man came with wearied steps, bearing on his shoulders an old and feeble woman, whom setting down on the ground before the door of Nouri, he besought her to give him a drop of water, to wash the sand and the dust from his parched mouth.

Nouri having already distributed the contents of her pitcher, hastened to the river to fill it for the wearied young man; and as she went, she begged a morsel of provisions from a neighbour, whose cottage stood on a rock which overlooked the flood.

With this, and her pitcher filled with water, she returned, and found the feeble old woman on the ground, but the young man was not with her.

“Where,”

"Where," said Nouri, "O afflicted stranger! is the pious young man that dutifully bore the burden of age on his shoulders?"

"Alas!" answered the stranger, "my son has brought me hither from the tyranny of Almurah, and leaves me to perish in the deserts of the Tigris; no sooner were you gone for the water, than a crowd of young damsels came this way, and led my cruel son from his perishing mother; but, courteous stranger," said she to Nouri, "give me of that water to drink, that my life fail not within me; for thirst, and hunger, and trouble, are hastening to put an end to the unhappy Houadir."

The tender and benevolent Nouri invited Houadir into the cottage, and there placed her on a straw-bed, and gave her the provisions and a cup of water to drink.

Houadir being somewhat refreshed by the care of Nouri, acquainted her with the cruel decree of Almurah, who had turned her son out of his little patrimony, where, by the labour of his hands he had for many years supported her, and till that day she had ever found him a most dutiful and obedient son; and concluded with a wish, that he would shortly return to his poor helpless parent.

Nouri did all she could to comfort the wretched Houadir, and having persuaded to rest a while on the bed, returned to the labours of the day.

When her work was finished, Nouri, with the wages of the day purchased some provisions, and brought them home to feed herself and the little Urad, whose portion of food, as well

well as her own, had been distributed to the unhappy wanderers.

As Nouri was giving a small morsel to Urad, Houadir awaked, and begged that Nouri would be so kind as to spare her a bit of provisions.

Immediately, before Nouri could rise, the little Urad ran nimbly to the bed, and offered her supper to the afflicted Houadir, who received it with great pleasure from her hands, being assured her mother would not let Urad be a loser by her benevolence.

Houadir continued several days with the widow Nouri, expecting the return of her son, till giving over hopes of seeing him, and observing that she was burdensome to the charitable widow, she one evening, after the labours of the day, thus addressed her hospitable friend :

“ I perceive, benevolent Nouri, that my son has forsaken me, and that I do but rob you and your poor infant of the scanty provision which you by your hourly toil are earning : wherefore listen to my proposal, and judge whether I offer you a suitable return : there are many parts of your business, that, old as I am, I can help you in, as the winding your silk, and feeding your worms. Employ me, therefore, in such business in the day as you think me capable of performing ; and at night, while your necessary cares busy you about the house, give me leave (as I see your labours allow you no spare time) to instruct the innocent Urad how to behave herself, when your death shall

shall leave her unsheltered from the storms and deceits of a troublesome world."

Nouri listened with pleasure to the words of Houadir.

"Yes," said she, "benevolent stranger, you well advise me how to portion my poor infant Urad, whom I could neither provide for by my industry, nor instruct, without losing the daily bread I earn for her: I perceive a little is sufficient for your support; nay, I know not how, I seem to have greater plenty since you have been with me than before; whether it be owing to the blessing of Heaven on you I know not."

"Far be it from me," said Houadir, "to see my generous benefactress deceived; but the thinness of inhabitants, occasioned by the tyranny of Almurah, is the cause that your provisions are the more plentiful; but yet I insist upon bearing my part in the burden of the day, and Urad shall share my evening's labour."

From this time Houadir commenced an useful member in the family of Nouri, and Urad was daily instructed by the good old stranger in the pleasures and benefits of a virtuous, and the horrors and curses of an evil life.

Little Urad was greatly rejoiced at the lessons of Houadir, and was never better pleased than when she was listening to the mild and pleasing instructions of her affable mistress.

It was the custom of Houadir, whenever she taught Urad any new rule or caution, to give her a pepper-corn, requiring of her, as often as she looked at them, to remember the lessons

lessons which she learnt at the time she received them.

In this manner Urad continued to be instructed, greatly improving, as well in virtue and religion, as in comeliness and beauty, till she was near woman's estate, so that Nouri could scarce believe she was the mother of a daughter so amiable and graceful in person and manners. Neither was Urad unskilled in the labours of the family, or the silk-worm; for Nouri growing old and sickly, she almost constantly, by her industry, supported the whole cottage.

One evening, as Houadir was lecturing her attentive pupil, Nouri, who lay sick on the straw bed, called Urad to her :

" My dear daughter," said Nouri, " I feel, alas! more for you than myself; while Houadir lives you will have indeed a better instructor than your poor mother was capable of being unto you; but what will my innocent lamb, my lovely Urad do, when she is left alone, the helpless prey of craft, or lust, or power? Consider, my dear child, that Alla would not send you into the world to be necessarily and unavoidably wicked; therefore, always depend upon the assistance of our holy prophet when you do right, and let no circumstance of life, nor any persuasion, ever bias you to live otherwise than according to the chaste and virtuous precepts of the religious Houadir. May Alla and the prophet of the faithful ever bless and preserve the innocence and chastity of my dutiful and affectionate Urad!"

The widow Nouri spoke not again; her breath for ever fled from its confinement, and her body was delivered to the waters of the Tigris.

The inconsolable Urad had now her most difficult lesson to learn from the patient Houadir, nor did she think it scarcely dutiful to moderate the violence of her grief.

"Sorrows," said Houadir, "O duteous Urad! which arise from sin, or evil actions, cannot be assuaged without contrition or amendment of life; there the soul is deservedly afflicted, and must feel before it can be cured; such sorrows may my amiable pupil never experience; but the afflictions of mortality are like the portions of piety or iniquity; it is necessary that we should be taught to part with the desirable things of this life by degrees, and that by the frequency of such losses our affections should be loosened from their earthly attachments. While you continue good, be not dejected, O my obedient Urad! and remember, it is one part of virtue, to bear with patience and resignation, the unalterable decrees of Heaven; not but what I esteem your sorrow which arises from gratitude, duty, and affection. I do not teach my pupil to part with her dearest friends without reluctance, or wish her to be unconcerned at the loss of those, who, by a marvellous love, have sheltered her from all those storms which must have in a moment overwhelmed helpless innocence. Only remember that your tears be the tears of resignation, and that your sighs confess an heart humbly yielding to his will, who

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ordereth all things according to his infinite knowledge and goodness."

"O pious Houadir!" replied Urad, "just are thy precepts; it was Alla that created my best of parents, and Alla is pleased to take her from me; far be it from me, though an infinite sufferer, to dispute his will; the loss indeed wounds me sorely, yet will I endeavour to bear the blow with patience and resignation!"

Houadir still continued her kind lessons and instructions, and Urad, with a decent solemnity attended both her labours and her teacher, who was so pleased with the fruits which she saw springing forth from the seeds of virtue that she had sown in the breast of her pupil, that she now began to leave her more to herself, and exhorted her to set apart some portion of each day to pray to her prophet, and frequent meditation and recollection of the rules she had given her, that so her mind might never be suffered to grow forgetful of the truths she had treasured up; "For," said the provident Houadir, "when it shall please the prophet to snatch me also from you, my dear Urad, you will then have only the pepper-corns to assist her."

"And how, my kind governess," said Urad, "will these corns assist me?"

"They will," answered Houadir, "each of them, if you remember the precepts I gave you with them, but not otherwise, be serviceable in the times of your necessities."

Urad, with great reluctance, from that time was obliged to go without her evening lec-

tures.

tures, which loss affected her much ; for she knew no greater pleasure in life, than hanging over Houadir's persuasive tongue, and hearing, with fixed attention, the sweet doctrines of prudence, chastity, and virtue.

As Urad, according to her usual custom (after having spent some few early hours at her employment) advanced toward the bed to call her kind instructor, whose infirmities would not admit her to rise betimes, she perceived that Houadir was risen from her bed.

The young virgin was amazed at the novelty of her instructor's behaviour, especially as she seldom moved without assistance, and hastened into a little inclosure to look after her ; but not finding Houadir there, she went to the neighbouring cottages, none of whom could give any account of the good old matron ; nevertheless the anxious Urad continued her search, looking all around the woods and forest, and often peeping over the rocks of the Tigris, as fearful that some accident might have befallen her. In this fruitless labour the poor virgin fatigued herself, till the sun, as tired of her toils, refused any longer to assist her search, when returning to her lonely cot, she spent the night in tears and lamentations.

The helpless Urad gave herself up entirely to grief ; and the remembrance of her affectionate mother, added a double portion of sorrows to her heart ; she neglected to open her lonely cottage, and went not forth to the labours of the silk-worm ; but day after day, with little or no nourishment, she continued

weeping the loss of Houadir, her mild instructor, and Nouri her affectionate mother.

The neighbouring cottagers observing that Urad came no longer to the silk-worms, and that her dwelling was daily shut up, after some time knocked at her cottage, and demanded if Urad the daughter of Nouri was living.

Urad seeing the concourse of people, came weeping and trembling toward the door, and asked them the cause of their coming.

"O Urad," said her neighbours, "we saw you, not long ago, seeking your friend Houadir, and we feared that you also were missing, as you have neither appeared among us, nor attended your daily labours among the worms, who feed and provide for us by their subtle spinning."

"O my friends," answered Urad, "suffer a wretched maid to deplore the loss of her dearest friends! Nouri, from whose breasts I sucked my natural life, is now a prey to the vultures on the banks of the Tigris; and Houadir, from whom I derived my better life, is passed away from me like a vision in the night."

Her rustic acquaintance laughed at these sorrows of the virgin Urad.

"Alas!" said one, "is Urad grieved, that now she has to work for one instead of three?"

"Nay," cried another, "I wish my old folks were as well bestowed."

"And I," said a third, "were our house rid of the old-fashioned lumber that fills it at present;

present, my superannuated father and mother, would soon bring an healthy young swain, to supply their places with love and affection."

"Aye, true," answered two or three more, "we must look out a clever young fellow for Urad; Who shall she have?"

"O, if that be all," said a crooked old maid, who was famous for match-making, "I will send Darandu to comfort her, before night; and, if I mistake not, he very well knows his business."

"Well, pretty Urad," cried they all, "Darandu will soon be here; he is fishing on the Tigris; and it is but just, that the river which has robbed you of one comfort, should give you a better."

At this speech the rest laughed very heartily, and they all ran away, crying out, "O, she will do very well when Darandu approaches."

Urad, though she could despise the trifling of her country neighbours, yet felt an oppression on her heart at the name of Darandu, who was a youth of incomparable beauty, and added to the charms of his person an engaging air, which was far above the reach of the rest of the country swains, who lived on those remote banks of the Tigris. "But, O Houadir! O Nouri!" said the afflicted virgin to herself, "never shall Urad seek in the arms of a lover, to forget the bounties and precepts of so kind a mistress, and so indulgent a parent."

These reflections hurried the wretched Urad into her usual sorrowful train of thoughts, and

she spent the rest of the day in tears and weeping, calling for ever on Nouri and Houadir, and wishing that the prophet would permit her to follow the mout of a world, where she foresaw neither comfort nor peace.

In the midst of these melancholy meditations she was disturbed by a knocking at the door. Urad arose with trembling, and asked who was there?

"It is one," answered a voice in the softest tone, "who seeketh comfort, and cannot find it; who desires peace, and it is far from him?"

"Alas!" answered Urad, "few are the comforts of this cottage, and peace is a stranger to this mournful roof; depart, O traveller! whosoever thou art, and suffer the disconsolate Urad to indulge in sorrows greater than those from which you wish to be relieved."

"Alas!" answered the voice without, "the griefs of the beautiful Urad are my griefs; and the sorrows which afflict her rend the soul of the wretched Darandu!"

"Whatever may be the motive for this charitable visit, Darandu," answered Urad, "let me beseech you to depart; for ill does it become a forlorn virgin, to admit the conversation of the youths that surround her: leave, me, therefore, O swain, ere want of decency make you appear odious in the sight of the virgins who inhabit the rocky banks of the rapid Tigris."

"To convince the lovely Urad," answered Darandu, "that I came to soothe her cares, and condole with her in her losses, which I heard

heard but this evening, I now will quit this dear spot, which contains the treasure of my heart, as however terrible the parting is to me, I rest satisfied that it pleases the fair conqueror of my heart, whose peace to Darandu is more precious than the pomegranate in the sultry noon, or the silver scales of ten thousand fishes inclosed in the nets of my skilful comrades."

Darandu then left the door of the cottage, and Urad reclined on the bed, till sleep finished her toils, and for a time released her from the severe afflictions of her unguarded situation.

Early in the morning the fair Urad arose, and directed her steps to the rocks of the Tigris, either invited thither by the melancholy reflections which her departed mother occasioned, or willing to take a nearer and more unobserved view of the gentle Darandu.

Darandu, who was just about to launch his vessel into the river, perceived the beauteous mourner on the rocks; but he was too well versed in love affairs to take any notice of her; he rather turned from Urad, and endeavoured, by his behaviour, to persuade her that he had not observed her, for it was enough for him to know that he was not indifferent to her.

Urad, though she hardly knew the cause of her morning walk, yet continued on the rocks till Darandu had taken in his nets, and with his companions was steering up the stream, in quest of the fishes of the Tigris.

She

She then returned to her cottage more ir-
resolute in her thoughts, but less than ever
inclined to the labours of her profession.

At the return of the evening, she was anx-
ious lest Darandu should renew his visit; an
anxiety, which though it arose from fear, was
yet near allied to hope; nor was she less so-
licitous about provisions, as all her little stock
was entirely exhausted, and she had no other
prospect before her than to return to her la-
bours, which her sorrows had rendered irk-
some and disagreeable to her.

While she was meditating on these things,
she heard a knocking at the door, which flut-
tered her little less than the fears of hunger,
or the sorrows of her lonely life.

For some time she had not courage to
answer, till the knocking being repeated, she
faintly asked who was at the door?

"It is Lahnar," answered a female; "Lah-
nar, your neighbour, seeks to give Urad com-
fort, and to condole with the distressed mour-
ner of a mother and a friend."

"Lahnar," answered Urad, "is then a
friend to the afflicted, and kindly seeks to
alleviate the sorrows of the wretched Urad."

She then opened the door, and Lahnar en-
tered with a basket on her head.

"Kind Lahnar," said the fair mourner,
"leave your burden at the door, and enter
into this cottage of affliction. Alas! alas!
there once sat Nouri, my ever affectionate
mother, and there Houadir, my kind coun-
sellor and director; but now are their seats
vacant,

vacant, and sorrow and grief are the only companions of the miserable Urad!"

"Your losses are certainly great," answered Lahnar; "but you must endeavour to bear them with patience, especially as they are the common changes and alterations of life; your good mother Nouri lived to a great age; and Houadir, though a kind friend, may yet be succeeded by one as amiable; but what I am most alarmed at, O Urad! is your manner of life; we no longer see you busied among the leaves of the mulberries, or gathering the bags of silk, or preparing them for the wheels; you purchase no provisions among us, you seek no comfort in society, you live like the mole, buried under the earth, who neither sees nor is seen."

"My sorrows, indeed, hitherto," replied Urad, "have prevented my labour, but to-morrow I shall again rise to my wonted employment."

"But even to-night," said Lahnar, "let my friend take some little nourishment, that she may rise refreshed, for fasting will deject you as well as grief, and suffer me to partake with you; and see, in this basket I have brought my provisions, some boiled rice and a few fish, which my kind brother Darandu brought me this evening from the river Tigris."

"Excuse me, kind Lahnar," answered Urad, "but I must refuse your offer; grief has driven away appetite, to aught but itself, far from me, and I am not solicitous to take provisions which I cannot use."

"At

"At least," replied Lahnar, "permit me to sit beside you, and eat of what is here before us."

Upon which, without other excuses, Lahnar emptied her basket, and set a bowl of rice and fish before Urad, and began to feed heartily on that which she brought for herself.

Urad was tempted by hunger, and the example of Lahnar, to begin; but she was anxious about tasting the fish of Darandu, wherefore she first attempted the boiled rice; but her appetite was most inclined to the fish, of which she at last eat very heartily, when she recollected, that as she had partaken with Lahnar, it was equal whatever part she accepted.

Lahnar having finished her meal, and advised Urad to think of some methods of social life, took her leave, and left the unfettled virgin to meditate on her strange visitor.

Urad, though confused, could not help expressing some pleasure at this visit; for such is the blessing of society, that it will always give comfort to those who have been diseased to its sweet effects.

But Urad, though pleased with the friendship of Lahnar, yet was confounded, when some few minutes after she perceived her again returning.

"What," said Urad, "brings back Lahnar to the sorrows of this cottage?"

"Urad," said Lahnar, "I will rest with my friend to-night, for the shades of night call horrors around, and I dare not disturb my father's cottage by my late approach."

As they prepared for their homely bed, Urad turning round, beheld Lahnar's breast uncovered, and saw, by the appearance, it was no female she was preparing to receive into her bed. She immediately shrieked out, and Darandu, the fictitious Lahnar, leaped eagerly forward, and caught her in his arms.

"O, delicious Urad," said he, "I die, I die without you! your tears, your calls are vain: the cottage is lonely, and no traveller walks by night to meet the wild beasts of the forest, therefore let us take our fill of love, for Darandu will not otherwise be satisfied."

Urad, full of trembling, confusion, horror, and despair, raved in his arms, but could not get free. He still pressed her close, and endeavoured to pull her toward the bed, when she, recollecting her lost friend Houadir, felt for a pepper-corn, and let it fall to the ground.

A violent rapping was in a moment heard at the cottage, at which Urad redoubled her outcries, and Darandu, with shame and confusion, quitted his mistress, and looked trembling toward the door.

Urad ran forward, and opened the door, when the son of Houadir entered, and asked Urad the reason of her cries.

"O, thou blessed angel," said Urad, "but for you, that wicked wretch, disguised in his sister's cloaths, had ruined the too credulous Urad."

But Darandu was fled; as guilt is ever fearful, mean, and base.

"Now,

"Now, Urad," said the son of Houadir, "before you close your doors upon another man, let me resume my former features."

Upon which Urad looked, and beheld her old friend Houadir.

At the sight of Houadir, Urad was equally astonished and abashed.

"Why blushes Urad?" said Houadir, "And her blushes are the blushes of guilt."

"How, O Genius," said Urad, "for such I perceive thou art, how is Urad guilty? I invited not Darandu hither; I wished not for him."

"Take care," answered Houadir, "what you say: if you wished not for him, you hardly wished him away; and but for your imprudence he had not attacked you."

"Consider, how have your days been employed since I left you! Have you continued to watch the labours of the silk-worm? Have you repeated the lessons I gave you? Or has the time of Urad been consumed in idleness and disobedience? Has she shaken off her dependence of Mahomet, and indulged the unavailing sorrows of her heart?"

"Alas!" answered the fair Urad, "repeat no more, my ever-honoured Houadir; I have indeed been guilty, under the mask of love and affection, and I now plainly see the force of your first rule, that idleness is the beginning of all evil and vice. Yes, my dearest Houadir, had I attended to your instructions, I had given no handle to Darandu's wicked intentions; but yet, methinks some sorrows were allowable

for the loss of such a mother and such a friend."

"Sorrows," answered Houadir, "proceed from the heart, and totally indulged, soon require a change and vicissitude in our minds; wherefore, in the midst of your griefs, your feet involuntarily wandered after Darandu, and your soul, softened by idle sighs, was the more easily impressed by the deceits of his tongue.

"But this remember, O Urad! for I must, I find, repeat an old instruction to you, that of all things in the world, nothing should so much engage a woman's attention as the avenues which lead to her heart. Such are the wiles, the deceits of men, that they are rarely to be trusted with the most advanced post; give them but footing, though that footing be innocent, and they will work night and day till their wishes are accomplished.

"Trust not, therefore, to yourself alone, nor suffer your heart to plead in their favour, lest it becomes as much your enemy as the tempter, man.

"Place your security in flight, and avoid every evil, every gay desire, lest it lead you into danger; for hard is it to turn the head and look backward, when a beautiful or agreeable object is before you. Remember my instructions, O Urad! make a prudent use of your pepper-corns, and leave this place, which holds a man sensible of your softness, and resolute in his own dark and subtle intentions."

Urad was about to thank Houadir, but the Genius was fled, and the eye-lids of the morning were opening in the east.

Urad, in a little wallet, packed up her small stock of necessaries, and full of terror and full of uncertainty, struck into the forest, and without reflection took the widest path that offered.

And first it was her care to repeat over deliberately the lessons of Houadir. She then travelled slowly forward, often looking, and fearing to behold the wicked Darandu at her heels.

After walking through the forest for the greater part of the day, she came to a deep descent, on each side overshadowed with lofty trees; this she walked down, and came to a small spot of ground, surrounded by hills, woods, and rocks. Here she found a spring of water, and sat down on the grass to refresh herself after the travels of the day.

As her meal was almost at an end, she heard various voices issuing from the woods, on the hills opposite to that which she came down.

Her little heart beat quick at this alarm, and Urad recollecting the advice of Houadir, began to repeat the lessons of her instructor, and ere long she perceived, through the trees, several men coming down the hill, who, at the sight of Urad, gave a loud halloo, and ran forward, each being eager which should first seize the prize.

Urad trembling and sighing at her danger, forgot not to drop one of her pepper-corns, and immediately she found herself charged

into a pismire, and with great pleasure she looked for a hole in the ground, and crept into it.

The robbers coming down to the bottom of the vale, were surprised to find their prize eloped, but they divided into separate bodies, resolved to hunt till night, and then appointed that little vale as the place of rendezvous.

Urad, perceiving they were gone, wished herself into her original form ; but, alas ! her wish was not granted, and the once beautiful Urad still continued an ugly pismire.

Late at night the robbers returned, and the moon shining bright, reflected a gloomy horror upon their despairing faces. Urad shuddered at the sight of them, though so well concealed, and dared hardly peep out of her hole, so difficult is it to forget our former fears.

The gang resolved to spend the rest of the night in that place, and therefore unloaded their wallets, and spread their wine and provisions on the banks of the spring, grumbling and cursing each other all the time for their unfortunate search.

"I would to Alla," says one, "I had taken hold of her, and I would soon have kissed her into a good humour."

"You ugly wretch," said another, "she would have died at the thoughts of you : but if I had caught her——"

"Yes," said a third, "with those bloody hands, that have butchered two maidens already to-day."

"Aye," returned he, "and she should have suffered the same sauce."

"Well," answered the captain of the gang, "if I had first secured her, she should have gone fairly round among you all."

Urad heard this with the utmost horror and indignation; and praised continually the gracious Alla, who had rescued her from such inhuman wretches.

While they, with singing and drinking spent the greatest part of the night, and wishing that their comrades in the other part of the forest had been with them; at length falling into drunkenness and sleep, they left the world to silence and peace.

Urad, finding them fast asleep, crawled out of her hole, and going to the first, she stung him in each eye; and thus she went round to them all.

The poison of the little pismire working in their eyes, in a short time occasioned them to awake in the utmost tortures; and perceiving they were blind, and feeling the pain, they each supposed his neighbour had blinded him, in order to get away with the booty: this so enraged them, that feeling about, they fell upon one another, and in a short time almost the whole gang was demolished.

Urad beheld with astonishment the effect of her stings, and at a wish resumed her pristine form, saying at the same time to herself, "I now perceive that Providence is able, by the most insignificant means, to work the greatest purposes."

Con-

Continuing her journey through the forest, she was terribly afraid of meeting with the second band of robbers, and therefore she directed her steps with the greatest caution and circumspection.

As she walked forward, and cast her eyes all around, and stopped at every motion of the wind, she saw the son of Houadir coming to meet her, in the path in which she was travelling.

At this sight Urad ran toward him, and with joy begged her old governess would unmask herself, and entertain her with instruction and persuasion.

"No, my dear child," answered the son of Houadir, "that I cannot do at present, the time is not as yet come. I will first, as you have been tried, lead you to the palace of the Genii of the forest, and present your unspotted innocence before them; for O, my sweet Urad, my heavenly pupil," said he, kissing and taking her in his arms, "your virtue is tried, I have found you worthy of the lessons which I gave you. I foresaw evils might befall you, and therefore I took pity on your innocence, and lived with Nouri your mother, that I might train up my beloved Urad in the paths of virtue; and now your trial is passed, Urad shall enjoy the happiness of a Genii."

Urad, though somewhat confounded at Houadir's embrace under the appearance of a man, yet with great humility thanked her benefactor. And the son of Houadir turning to the left, led Urad into a little bye path, to

concealed, that few, if any, might ever find its beginning.

After a long walk through various turnings and intricate windings, they came to a small mean cottage, where the son of Houadir leading the way, Urad followed.

The son of Houadir striking fire with his stick, a bright flame arose from the center of the floor, in which she cast divers herbs, and repeating some enchantments, the back side of the cottage opened, and presented to the view of Urad a beautiful dome, where she saw sitting round a table a numerous assembly of gay persons of both sexes.

The son of Houadir, leading in Urad, said, "This, my dear pupil, is the assembly of the Genii of the forest;" and presenting her to the company, "behold," said he, "the beautiful and well-tryed Urad—but here you may cast off your reserve, fair maid, and indulge in the innocent pleasures of the Genii of the forest."

The son of Houadir then led her to the table, and seated her on the same sofa with himself.

The remainder of the day was spent in mirth and pleasure, nor did the female Genii refuse the gay advances of their partners.

Urad having never beheld any thing splendid or magnificent, was greatly delighted at the gay company and beautiful saloon; nor did she seem to receive the caresses of the son of Houadir so reluctantly as before.

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At night Urad was shewn a glorious apartment to rest in, and the son of Houadir attended her.

"My dear Houadir," said Urad, "when shall I behold your proper shape? when shall I see you as my tutelary Genius?"

"That," answered the son of Houadir, "I shall be in every shape; but call neither the one nor the other my *proper* shape, for to a Genius all shapes are assumed; neither is this my proper shape, nor the wrinkles of an old woman; but to confess the truth, O beautiful Urad! from the first moment of your birth, I resolved to make you my bride, and therefore did I so patiently watch your growing years, and instructed you in the fear of vice and the love of virtue. Come, therefore, O beautiful virgin! and let me, in those precious arms, reap the fruit of my long labour and toil."

Urad, astonished at the words of the son of Houadir, knew not what answer to make; but the natural timidity of her sex, and the strangeness of the proposal, filled her with strange apprehensions; however, she begged at least that the Genius would for a time leave her to herself, that the blushes of her cheeks might be covered in solitude.

"No, my lovely Urad," answered the son of Houadir, "never, never, will thy faithful Genius leave thee, till thou hast blessed me with the possession of what I hold dearer than even my spiritual nature."

"Why, then," said Urad, "didst thou bestow so many pepper-corns upon me, as they now will become useless?"

"Not

"Not useless," said the son of Houadir, "they are indeed little preservatives against danger; but I have the seeds of some melons, which will not only rescue you, but always preserve you from harm. Here, faithful Urad," continued he, "take these seeds, and whenever you are fearful, swallow one of these, and no danger shall surround you."

Urad thankfully received the seeds; "and what," said she, "must I do with the pepper-corns?"

"Give them," said the son of Houadir, "to me, and I will endue them with stronger virtues, and thou shalt by them have power also over others, as well as to defend thyself."

Urad pulled the pepper-corns out of her bag, and presented them to the son of Houadir, whose eyes flashed with joy at the sight, and he immediately thrust them into the folds of his garments.

"O son of Houadir, what hast thou done!" said Urad.

"I have," answered the false son of Houadir, "gained the full possession of my lovely Urad, and now may address her in my proper shape." So saying, he resumed his natural figure, and became like a satyr of the wood.

"I am," said he, "O beautiful Urad, the enchanter Repah, who range in the solitude of the forest of the Tigris, and live and solace myself upon the beauties who venture into my haunts. You I saw surrounded by the influence of the Genius Houadir, and therefore was obliged to use artifice to gain my dear, dear charmer. By why waste I time in words,

when

when the fulness of thy ripe beauties tempt
my closest embrace!" So saying, he rushed on
Urad, and stifled her with his nauseous sa-
vours.

The poor deluded victim, with tears in her
eyes, implored his mercy and forbearance ;
but he laughed at her tears, and told her, her
eyes glittered the brighter for them.

"What," cried the enchanter, "shall I
wish your sorrows at an end, which so tumultu-
ously heave those worlds of bliss, or stop by
kindness those sighs which send forth more
than Arabian perfumes! No, no, I love to
enjoy nature in her fullest workings, and think
it an higher bliss to ride on the stormy tem-
pest than through the gentle breeze."

As he spake thus, he again clasped the
wretched Urad in his arms, and, mad with fu-
rious lust, forced her to the sofa; while she,
 shrieking and crying, filled the apartment with
vain lamentations.

As the enchanter was dragging the discon-
solate virgin Urad to the sofa, she, in a fit of
despair, again put her hands into the bag, from
whence she had fatally resigned the pepper-
corns, and felt about in agonies for her lost
treasure. And now finding none, and per-
ceiving that the Genius Houadir attended not
to her cries, she was drawing out her hand,
when in a corner of the bag she felt one
pepper-corn, which had before escaped her
search.

She instantly drew it out, and throwing it
on the ground, the enchanter quitted his hold,
and stood motionless before her: the apart-
ments

ments vanished, and she found herself with him in a dark hut, with various kinds of necromantic instruments about her.

Urad, though fearful, yet was so much overcome with fatigue and struggling, that she sunk on the ground, and happily for her the enchanter was no longer in a condition to persecute her.

"Curse on my folly," said he, as he stood fixed to the ground, "that I neglected to ask for the bag itself, which held the gifts of the Genius Houadir; her pretty pupil had then been sacrificed to my desires, in spite of the many fine lessons she had been taught by that pitiful and enthusiastic Genius! but now by chance, and not by the merit of thy virtues or thy education, art thou delivered from my seraglio, where vice reigns triumphant, cold modesty and colder chastity are excluded, to make room for the mixed revels of what pious cheats call lustful rioters. But this grieves me not so much, to lose a sickly girl, as that I find a superior power condemns me to declare to you the causes of your error.

"Know, then, Urad (I speak not from myself, but he speaks, who from casual evil can work out certain good); he forces me to declare, that no specious appearance, no false colours, should incline the virtuous heart to listen to the wiles of deceit; for evil then comes most terrible, when it is cloaked under friendship. Why then had Urad so great an opinion of her own judgement, as to confide in the false appearance of the son of Houadir when she might have consulted her faithful mo-

nitors,

niters! The falling of a pepper-corn would have taught her to trust to no appearances, nor would she have parted with her pepper-corns, which were to refresh in her memory the sentiments of virtue, chastity, and honour, no, not to Houadir herself. No adviser can be good, who would destroy what he himself has first inculcated, and no appearance ought to bias us to receive as truths those things which are contrary to virtue and religion. How, then, did Urad keep to the instructions of Houadir? But if Houadir really had bred her up for the purposes of lust, and taught her only the paths of virtue, to keep her from others, of all persons they are most to be guarded against, who, having the power of educating the female mind, too often presume upon the influence which such intimate connections give them; they, therefore, as the most base and ungrateful, should be most cautiously watched and resolutely repulsed."

Thus spake the enchanter, and no more; his mouth closed up, and he stood fixed and motionless; and Urad finding her spirits somewhat recovered, hastened out of the hut, and perceived that it was morning.

She had now no more pepper-corns to depend upon, wherefore she cried to Houadir to succour her, but the Genius was deaf to her intreaties.

"Poor miserable wretch," said Urad to herself, "what will become of thee, inclosed in a forest through which thou knowest no path! But," continued she, "why should I not examine the enchanter, who perhaps is yet immoveable

moveable in the cottage : I saw him fold them in the plaits of his garments, and they may yet become mine."

So saying, she returned to the hut, where entering, the very sight of the dumb enchanter affrighted her so much, that it was a long time before she could venture near him. At length she put forth her hand, and pulled forth her beloved pepper-corns, the enchanter still standing motionless.

Away fled Urad like lightning from the hut, and ran till she had again reached the road from which she had been decoyed.

She continued her journeying for seven days, feeding on the fruits of the forest, and sleeping in the most covert thickets.

The eighth day, as she was endeavouring to pass a ford, where a small rivulet had been swelled by the rains, she perceived a large body of horsemen riding through the woods, and doubted not but it was the remainder of the gang of robbers whom she had before met with.

Urad now was in some measure reconciled to danger, and therefore, without much fear, dropped a pepper-corn, and expected relief.

The pepper-corn had been dropped some time, the horsemen advanced, and no one appeared to succour her.

"Alas!" said Urad, "why has Houadir deceived me! neither her advice, nor her magical pepper-corns, can relieve me from these lustful and cruel robbers. Better had I fallen a prey to Darandu, better had I sated the lust of one enchanter, than undergo the various curses

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curse of so many monsters. O Genius, Genius, why hast thou forsaken me in my severest trials!"

By this time the robbers were come up, and were highly rejoiced to find such a beautiful prize.

"This only," said the leader, "was what we wanted, a fair one to regale with, and this dainty morsel will serve us all. Here is luxury, my friends, such as Almurah cannot find in his whole seraglio; let him be dissatisfied with an hundred females, while we, my friends, will be satisfied with one! She shall serve us all, and me first."

"But first," said one, "let us all embrace her, for I never yet had the pleasure to embrace a virgin, except one that I stabbed first."

At this he leaped from his horse, and the trembling Urad gave a loud shriek, which was answered from the woods by the roarings of an hundred lions.

"O Alla!" said the chief, "the lions are upon us."

"That may be," said he who was dismounted; "but were the whole world set against me, I would secure my prize." So saying, he took Urad in his arms to place her on his horse.

The roaring of the lions continued, and many of them came howling out of the woods; the robbers fled in dismay, all but the ruffian who had seized upon the fair Urad, who was striving in vain to fix her on his horse.

A lion furiously made at him, and tore him limb from limb, while Urad expected the same

fate from several others, who came roaring around. "But," said she, "better is death than infamy; and the paw of the hungry lion, than the rude hands of the lustful robber."

The noble beast having devoured his prey, came fawning at the feet of Urad, who was surprised at his behaviour and gentleness; but much more was her astonishment increased when she heard him speak.

"O virgin, for none other can experience the assistance of our race, or stand unhurt before us, I am the king and sovereign of these mighty forests, and am sent by the Genius Houadir to thy protection; but why did the distrustful Urad despair, or why did she accuse Providence of deserting her? Should not the relieved wait with patience on the hand that supports him, and not cry out with impatience, and charge its benefactor with neglect?"

"True, O royal lion," answered the fair Urad, "but fear is irresistible, and the children of men are but weakness and ingratitude; but blessed be Alla, who, though justly provoked at my discontent, yet sent to my assistance the guardian of the fair: yet how cometh it to pass, O royal protector, that you, who are so bold, and so fierce in your nature, should yet behave with such tenderness and kindness to an helpless virgin, whom you might with pleasure to yourself in a moment devour?"

"The truly great and noble spirit," answered the lion, "takes a pride in protecting innocence, neither can he wish to oppress it."

From hence learn, fair virgin, that of all mankind, he only is noble, generous, and truly virtuous.

virtuons, who can withhold his desires from oppressing or ruining the virgin that is in his power. What, then, must you think of those mean wretches, who endeavour to undermine your virtues and pious dispositions, who cajole you under the appearance of affection, and yet tell you, if they succeed not, that it was only to try you. He that is suspicious is mean, he that is mean is unworthy of the chaste affections of the virtuous maid. Wherefore, O Urad! shun him, however honoured by mankind, or covered by the specious characters of virtue, who attempts the honour of your chastity, for he cannot be just; to deceive you, he must himself swear falsely, and therefore cannot be good; or if he tell the truth, he must be weak and ungenerous, and unworthy of you, as he invites you to sin."

In such conversation they passed along the forest, till after a few days they were alarmed at the noise of the hunters, and at the music of the chase.

"Alas!" said the beautiful Urad, "what is this that I hear?"

"It is," answered the royal beast, "the noise of the hunters, and thou shalt escape, but me will they in sport destroy. The lion you call cruel, who kills to devour. What, then, is he, who wantons in the deaths of those who advantage him not? But man is lord of all; let him look to it how he governs!"

"Nay, but," answered Urad, "leave me, gentle protector, and provide for your safety,

nor fear but Houadir will prevent the storms that hover over, from breaking upon me."

"No," answered the royal beast, "she has commanded me to follow you till I see her presence; and where can I better sacrifice my life, than in the service of chastity and virtue!"

The hunters were now in sight, but advanced not toward the lion; they turned their couriers aside, and only one, of superior mien, with several attendants, rode toward Urad.

The lion erecting his mane, his eyes glowing with vivid lightnings, drew up the wide sinews of his broad back, and with wrathful front leaped toward him who seemed to have the command.

The horseman perceiving his intention, poised his spear in his right hand, and spurred his courser to meet him.

Ere the royal beast had reached the horseman, the rider threw his spear, which entering between the fore-paws of the lion, nailed him to the ground.

The enraged animal tore his paw from the ground, but the spear still remained in his foot, and the anguish of the wound made him shake the forest with his lordly roarings.

The stranger then rode up to the fair Urad, whom viewing, he cried out, "By Alla, thou art worthy of the embraces of the vizir Mussapulta; take her, my eunuchs, behind you, and bear her through the forest of Bagdat, to the seraglio of my ancestors."

The eunuchs obeyed, and bore her away, though Urad dropped her corn on the ground; but still she trusted in the help of Houadir.

The

The vizir Mussapulta then ordered that one of his slaves should stay behind, and destroy and bury the lion, which he commanded to be done with the utmost caution, as Almurah had made a decree, that if any subject should wound, maim, or destroy any lion, in his forests, the same should be put to death.

The eunuchs bore away Urad to the seraglio, taking her through bye-ways to the palace of the vizir, lest her shrieks should be heard. Mussapulta followed at a distance, and the slave was left with the tortured and faithful lion.

In a few hours they reached the palace, and Urad, being conducted to the seraglio, was ordered to be dressed, as the vizir intended visiting her that night.

Urad was thunderstruck at the news, and now began to fear Houadir had forgotten her, and resolved, as soon as the eunuchs had left her, to drop a second pepper-corn. But poor Urad had forgotten to take her bag from her old garments, which the eunuch who dressed her had carried away.

Urad dissolved in fresh tears at this piece of carelessness. "Well," said she, "surely Houadir will neglect me, if I so easily neglect myself."

She waited that night with fear and trembling, but no vizir appeared.

This eased her greatly, and the next day, when the eunuchs came, they informed her, that Mussapulta had that evening been sent by the sultan to quell an insurrection, and

that they did not expect him home under twenty days.

During this time, no pains were spared with Urad to teach her the accomplishments of the country; all which, in spite of her unwillingness to learn in such a detestable place, she nevertheless acquired with the utmost ease and facility.

The insurrection being quelled, the vizir returned, and not unmindful of his fair captive, ordered that she might be prepared for his reception in the evening.

Accordingly, Urad was sumptuously adorned with jewels and brocades, and looked more beautifully than the fairest Circassian; and the dignity of her virtue added such a grace to her charms, that even her keepers, the eunuchs, dared not look upon her.

Mussapulta, in the evening, came to the seraglio, where he found his beauteous captive in tears.

"What," said he, "cannot a fortnight's pleasure in this palace efface the remembrance of your sorrows! But be gay and cheerful, for know, that the vizir Mussapulta esteems you even beyond his wives."

"The esteem of a robber, the esteem of a lawless ranger," answered Urad, "charms not the ears of virtue. Heaven, I trust, will not suffer you to plunder my body: but no power can make me look with pleasure on the murderer of my friend, or on the lustful wretch."

"What," said Mussapulta, sternly, "do you refuse my proffered love! Then will I, hav-

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ing first deflowered thee, cast thee forth among my slaves, and then shalt thou lie down before; thy body I have, and I will make such full use of it as shall sting thy squeamish virtue to the soul; I will also have witnesses of my triumph, my whole seraglio shall be present, and my female slaves shall be ordered to laugh at thy cries, as thou liest on the bed of my desires; and I, too, will enjoy thy screams, and take a pride in the sorrows and throbs of thy departing chastity; nor shalt thou rise till many have followed the example of their master.

"Here eunuchs," continued he, "bind that stubborn piece of virtue, and stretch her on the bed; call all my females here, and bid my slaves attend. Take off those trappings from her, and let us see the whole of her virtuous composition."

The eunuchs advanced to Urad, and began their master's commands, while she, with the most fearful outcries, pierced the air, calling on Alla, on Mahomet, and on Houadir, to relieve her.

The females arriving, Mussapulta gave them their lesson, who, going to the beauteous victim, began laughing at her sorrow, and talking to her in the most ungrateful terms.

The slaves also attended, and beheld the lovely Urad now almost exposed in all her uncovered charms to the eyes of the brutal company.

"Why," said the proud vizir, "do you delay my wishes? Haste, slaves, and lay bare this delicate piece of virtue to public view."

As

As he said this, an eunuch came running in haste, crying, "The sultan, the sultan Almurah approaches!"

All was instant confusion, Mussapulta turned pale and trembled; he ordered the eunuch to release and cover the fair Urad, and ere she was well adorned again, the faithful lion entered with the sultan Almurah.

The lion instantly seized on the vizir Mussapulta, and tore him limb from limb, in the sight of those very servants whom he called together to behold his cruelty and lust. Yet the generous animal would not defile himself with the carcase, but with great wrath tossed the bloody remains among the females of the seraglio.

Almurah commanded Urad to advance; and at the sight of her, "O royal beast," said he to the lion, "I wonder not that thou wert unable to describe the beauties of this lovely maid, since they are almost too dazzling to behold.

"O virtuous maid," continued Almurah, "whose excellencies I have heard from this faithful animal, if thou canst deign to accept of the heart of Almurah, thy sultan will be the happiest of mankind; but I swear, by my unalterable will, that no power on earth shall force or distress you."

"O," sighed Urad, "royal sultan, you honour your poor slave too much; yet happy should I be were Houadir here!"

As she spoke, the Genius Houadir entered the room: the face of the sage instructor still remained, but a glowing splendour surrounded her,

her, and her walk was majestic and commanding.

Almurah bowed to the ground, Urad made obeisance, and the rest fell prostrate before her.

"My advice," said Houadir, "is necessary now, O Urad! nor ought young virgins to enter into such engagements without counsel, and the approbation of those above them, how splendid and lucrative soever the union may appear. I, who know the heart of Almurah, the servant of Mahomet, know him to be virtuous: some excesses he has been guilty of, but they were chiefly owing to his villanous vizir Mussapulta." Here the lion gave a dreadful roar. "Against your command, Almurah, did he wound this animal, which I endued with speech, for the service of Urad, to teach her, that strength and nobleness of soul would always support the innocent.

"Mussapulta having wounded him, commanded his slave to put the royal beast to death; but I gave the slave bowels of mercy, and he carried him home to his cottage, till the wound was healed. When the lion, faithful to his trust, came toward you as you were hunting, and being endued with speech, declared the iniquity of Mussapulta. But he is no more.

"Now, Urad, if thy mind incline to Almurah, receive his vows; but give not thine hand where thy heart is estranged, for no splendour can compensate the want of affection."

"If

"If Almurah, my gracious lord," answered Urad, "will swear in three things to do my desire, his hand-maid will be happy to serve him."

"I swear," answered the fond Almurah, "hadst thou three thousand desires, Almurah would satisfy them or die."

"What strange things," said Houadir, "has Urad to ask of the sultan Almurah?"

"Whatever they are, gracious Genius," said Almurah, "Urad, the lovely Urad, may command me."

"Then," said Urad, "first I require that the poor inhabitants of the forest be restored to their native lands from whence thou hast driven them."

"By the great Alla, and Mahomet, the prophet of the just," answered Almurah, "the deed was proposed and executed by the villain Mussapulta! yes, my lovely Urad shall be obeyed."

"But now, Urad," continued the sultan, "ere you proceed in your requests, let me make one sacrifice to chastity and justice, by vowing, in the presence of the good Genius Houadir, to dismiss my seraglio, and take thee only to my arms."

"So noble a sacrifice," answered Urad, "demands my utmost returns; wherefore, beneficent sultan, I release thee from any farther compliance with my requests."

"Lovely Urad," said Almurah, "permit me, then, to dive into your thoughts: yes, by your kind glances on that noble beast, I perceive you meditated to ask some bounty for

for your deliverer. He shall, fair virgin, be honoured as Urad's guardian, and the friend of Almurah; he shall live in my royal palace with slaves to attend him; and that his rest may not be inglorious, or his life useless, once every year shall those, who have ravished or deflowered the innocent, be delivered up to his honest rage."

The lovely Urad fell at the feet of her sultan, and blessed him for his favours; and the sage Houadir approved of Urad's request and the promises of Almurah. The lion came and licked the feet of his benefactors; and the Genius Houadir, at parting, poured her blessings on the royal pair.

"To guard the soft female heart from the delusions of a faithless sex," said Iracagem, "is worthy of our race, and the sage Houadir has wisely blended chastity and prudence in her delightful instructions; but female delicacy makes an unequal opposition to brutal cunning, unless the protection of the Just One overshadow the footsteps of the virtuous maid; wherefore, Alla is the first and chief supporter of the female sex, who will assuredly, when requested, confound the vain artifices of man, and exalt the prudent counsels of the modest fair."

"But, most illustrious," said the sage Iracagem, to one of the Genii of superior mien, "let me not any longer delay the noble lessons of thy tongue; from thee we expect to hear

hear the adventures of Misnar, the beloved of Alla and Mahomet his prophet."

"Chief of our race," answered the genius, "whose praises rise earliest and most frequent in the presence of Alla, I am ready to obey thee."

So saying, the genius thus began her much instructive tale.

T A L E VI.

The Enchanters; or, Misnar, the Sultan of India.

AT the death of the mighty Dabulcombar, the lord of the East, Misnar, the first-born of the sultan, ascended the throne of India; but though the hand of time had scarcely spread the fruits of manhood on his cheeks, yet neither the splendour of his court, nor the flatteries of the east, could steal from the youthful sultan the knowledge of himself.

His first royal command was, to assemble together the wise men throughout his extensive dominions, from Cabul and Attok, which are the evening boundaries of the sun, to Kehoa and Thoanea, the heads of whose mosques are tipped with his earliest beams.

Then came the faquir Ciumpso, from Banfac; and Balihu, the hermit of the Faithful, from Queda; the sage Bouta hastened from Bismagar; and Candusa, the iman of Lahor, was not inobedient to the royal decree. Salalsalfor also, from Nechal, was there; and Carnakan, a faithful worshipper, from the bank

banks of Ava; the prophet Mangelo, from the hollow rocks of Caxol; and Garab, a silver-bearded sage, from the mountains Coharfi; from Azo came a wise interpreter of dreams; and from Narvan, the star-read philosopher Nezhaked. Zeuramaund, the father of the prophets of Naugracut, led his visionary tribe from their native mountains, and the wisest of their community were deputed to represent the bramins of Lactora.*

The sultan Misnar ordered the illustrious assembly to meet in the divan, where, being placed on the throne of his forefathers, he thus opened unto them the desires of his heart:

“O ye sources of light, and fountains of knowledge,” said Misnar “more precious are your counsels to me than the mines of Raalconda, or the big emerald from Gani: wisdom is the true support of honour, and the sultan is established by the counsel of his sages. Say, then, ye treasures of experience, what shall Misnar devise, that may secure him in the throne of the mighty Dabulcombar?”

Note, in the original there is a description of these sages, which contains more than twelve pages; but we thought it too prolix to translate the whole, and have only preserved these few, to give the reader a taste of this oriental way of writing; for it is most probable, that the author (who seems to have a very extensive knowledge of men and manners) added these names as a compliment to some of the wise men of the eastern nation, with whom he might have been acquainted.

The sages in the divan were struck with astonishment at the condescension of their young sultan, and one and all fell prostrate before his throne.

"May wisdom," said they, "guide the footsteps of the illustrious Misnar; may the mind of our sultan be as the eye of day!"

Then arose the prophet Zeuramaund, and said,

"I perceive, O mighty sultan! the dark clouds of evil are gathering to disturb the hours of futurity; the spirits of the wicked are preparing the storm and the tempest against thee; but—the volumes of fate are torn from my sight, and the end of thy troubles are unknown!"

The venerable sages looked aghast as Zeuramaund uttered these ominous predictions in the spirit of prophecy; for they perceived he spake as he was moved; the whole council were dismayed at his words, and all fell again prostrate on the earth.

Misnar alone appeared unconcerned at his fate.

"O, my friends," said the youthful sultan, "the rose cannot blossom without the thorn, nor life be unchequered by the frowns of fate; the clouds of the air must lour before the rice springs forth, and the mother feel the pangs of child-birth, ere she knows the pleasure of a parent. Grieve not, my friends, that trials attend me, since the spirit of prudence and virtue blossom fairest in a rugged soil."

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The sages arose as their royal master spake, and beheld with wonder the youthful countenance of their prudent sultan.

Silence and amazement for a time prevailed, till one of the sages advancing before the rest, thus counselled the intrepid prince:

"O light of the earth," said the trembling sage, "whose virtue and innocence hath not been vexed by frauds and deceit, whose pure mind seeth not the foul devices of man's heart, trust not to the fickle interpositions of chance, where thine own arm can work security, and establish a permanent foundation to thy father's throne. Thou hast a brother, O my sultan! whose veins are filled with royal blood, and whose heart is by descent above controul. Ahubal, therefore, ere the bud of his youth unfolds into the fulness of manhood, should be cut off, as the husbandman destroyeth the deadly lacar* in the field."

"What," said the young sultan Misnar, "what do thy base suspicious fears advise? Is there no way to build up the seat of justice and mercy but in murder and fratricide? Caution, when besmeared in blood, is no longer virtue or wisdom, but wretched and degenerate cowardice: no, never let him that was born to execute judgement, secure his honours by cruelty and oppression; the righteous Alla planted me not here, to spread a poisonous shade over the off-springs of his prophet Ma-

* Lacar is a kind of poisonous weed, found in great plenty in the inland parts of India, but little, if at all known to the Europeans.

homet; though fear and submission is a subject's tribute, yet is mercy the attribute of Alla, and the most pleasing endowments of the vicegerents of earth. But as thou, weak man, hast dared to advise the extirpation of one of the race of the mighty Dabulcombar, the vengeance of my injured brother's blood fasten upon thy life."

The guards of the divan hearing the sentence of the sultan, approached with their drawn sabres toward the decrepit sage, but Misnar arising, cried out——

"Who of my subjects shall dare to violate with blood the sanctity of this refuge for the oppressed; let the divan of justice be sacred: nevertheless, lead that author of malice from my sight, and let his own blood make satisfaction for the cruelty of his desires."

As he spake thus, the guards attempted to seize the sage; but as they advanced toward him, flames of fire burst from his mouth, and his whole form appeared as the form of a fiery dragon.

The rest of the sages fled from the dreadful monster, but Misnar, with an intrepid countenance stood before his throne, with his drawn sabre, pointing toward the dragon; when through the flames he perceived an hoary magician on the back of the monster.

"Vain, O silly child of Mahomet!" said the enchanter, "was thy sabre against the power of my art, did not a superior force uphold thee; but tremble at thy doom, twice four of my race are determined against thee, and the throne of Dabulcombar noddeth over thy head;

head; fear hath now preserved thee, and the weakness of thy heart, which the credulous believers of Mahomet will call prudence and moderation; but the fiend of darkness is let loose, and the powers of enchantment shall prevail!"

As the hoary magician spake thus, his fiery dragon with tremendous hissings arose, and cleaving the dome of the divan, disappeared from their sight.

"Thus, said the illustrious Misnar, let the enemies of Mahomet be dismayed! but inform me, O ye sages, under the semblance of which of your brethren, did that foul enchanter gain admittance here?"

"May the lord of my heart," answered Balihi, the hermit of the faithful from Queda, "triumph over all his foes. As I travelled on the mountains from Queda, and saw neither the footsteps of beasts, nor the flights of birds, behold I chanced to pass through a cavern, in whose hollow sides I found this accursed sage, to whom I unfolded the invitation of the sultan of India, and we joining, journeyed toward the divan; but ere we entered, he said unto me, put thy hand forth, and pull me toward thee into the divan, calling on the name of Mahomet, for the evil spirits are on me and vex me."

*The continuation of the Tale of the Enchanters; or
Misnar, the Sultan of the East.*

AFTER the hermit Balihu had spoken, Mangelo arose.

"May the power of the sultan of the east be multiplied!" said he, "but know, O sultan, that neither evil Genius, nor enchanter, can enter this seat of justice, unless he be invited in the name of Mahomet."

"If it be so," answered the sultan Misnar, "then neither can they be masqued against the voice of justice; for thou, O righteous Alla! wilt uphold the tribunal which thou hast founded upon earth, and make the visions of fraud to depart from him who seeketh truth.

"Therefore," continued the sultan, "lest this assembly be still tainted with malice and infidelity, as the poisonous herb groweth most luxuriantly beside the plants of health, I command the evil spirits to stand confessed before me."

At his word, sulphureous smokes arose, and from the thronged assembly seven hideous forms broke forth.

First, on a vulture's pinions the fell enchanter Tasnar soared aloft, whose skin was the parched Indian's when he writhes impaled upon the bloody stake.

Next, on the back of an enormous scorpion, whose tail dropped deadly poison, Ahaback appeared, and with his eyes darted malignant flashes on the youthful sultan.

Him

Him followed Happuck, a subtle magician, on the shoulders of a tyger, whose mane was shagged with snakes, and whose tail was covered with twining adders.

Hupacusan also, that decrepit hag, who personated the righteous Sallafal for from Necbal, now stripped of the garments of hypocrisy, filled the eyes of the sages with terror and amazement. Her lean bones wrapped round with yellow skin, appeared like the superstitious mummies of the western Egypt. She was mounted on a monster more dreadful and uncouth than the fever-parched wretch beholds, when in restless slumbers he sinks from woe to woe upon his bed of sickness. Its form was like the deadly spider, but in bulk like the elephant of the woods; hairs like cobwebs covered its long bony legs, and from behind, a bag of venom of a whitish hue, spurted forth its malignant influence.

Here followed her malicious sister Ulin, squatting on the back of a broad-bellied toad, whose mouth opened like the pestilence that swalloweth up the fainting inhabitants of Delly.

Then, with a loud hiss, started forth in many a fold a black serpent, in length and bulk like the cedars of the forest, bearing the powerful enchantress Desera, whose wide-extended ears covered an head of iniquity, and whose long shrivelled dugs weakly panted over an heart of adamant.

Last, with majestic horror, the giant Kifri swelled into his full proportion; and, like a tottering mountain, reared himself aloft; the long

long immeasurable alligator that bore him, groaned with his load, and opening all his mouths, (for every scale appeared a mouth) vomited forth streams of grumous blood. In his hand the giant brandished a stately pine blasted with lightning, which shaking at the dauntless Misnar—

“Tremble, vile reptile,” said he, in a thundering voice; “tremble, vile reptile, at a giant’s wrath! tremble at the magic powers of all my brethren; if such a name becomes our race, unbound, unfettered by the ties of nature: tremble, vile reptile, for thy doom is fixed!”

At these words the infernal brood joined their voices with Kifri’s, and all at once pronounced in harsh discordant sounds, “Tremble, vile reptile, for thy doom is fixed!”

The enchanters were then involved in a thick cloud of smoke, from which issued broad flashes of red lightning, which ascending to the roof of the divan, in a moment disappeared.

“There is neither wisdom nor prudence,” said Misnar, as he prostrated himself on the ground, after the enchantments were at an end, “but what are derived from Alla, and are the gift of the prophet of the faithful! If thou dost vouchsafe to direct my steps, O protector of mussulmen! the fear of evil shall not come upon me.”

“Happy,” said Candusa, the iman of Lahor, with his breast on the earth, “happy is the prince whose trust is in Alla, and whose wisdom cometh from the thirteenth heaven.”

"Happy," said all the sages, humbling themselves before the sultan Misnar, "happy is our sultan, the favourite of Alla!"

"That," replied Misnar, "O sages, is too much even for the sultan of the east to hear. But may the all-righteous Alla approve of my thoughts and actions! so shall the infernal powers destroy the wretches that employ them, and the dark poisoned arrow recoil upon him that blew it forth.* But, O sages, though your numbers are reduced, your integrity is more tried and approved: therefore let Misnar, your sultan, partake of the sweetness of your counsels, and learn from aged experience, the wisdom of the sons of earth. Say then, what doth the peace and sincerity of my throne require from me concerning my brother Ahubal, the issue of the mighty Dabulcombar?"

"Far be it from me," said the sage Car-nakan, "to presume to utter my words as oracles before the prince; but may not the security of the east require, that the prince, thy brother, be not enlarged as my sultan is, to do whatsoever seemeth good in his heart? Should not the younger be as servant to the first-born of his father, and are not all the princes the vassals of the sultan of the east? Let, therefore, the prince Ahubal enjoy the pleasures of life, but let him be removed from

* Blew it forth. This may need explanation. In many parts of Asia, the inhabitants use small poisoned arrows, which they blow from an hollow cane upon their adversaries,

giving pain and uneasiness to my royal sultan Misnar. At the resources of the springs of Ava, on the craggy rocks of Aboulfakem, is a royal castle built by the sage Illfakircki, to which there is no passage but through a narrow vale, which may be ever guarded by the slaves of Misnar. Hither let the prince be sent, and let him live there, and enjoy life, without having any power to molest the glories of thy reign."

The counsel of Carnacan seemed agreeable unto the sultan and his sages, and Misnar gave immediate orders, that the mutes of the seraglio should attend the prince to the royal castle at Aboulfakem; and then dismissing for the present the assembled sages, he commanded them every week to attend the divan.

In a few days the mutes and guards who were sent with the prince Ahubal, returned, and being admitted into the presence of their sultan, they fell on their faces and cried out,

"O let not the displeasure of the sultan fall upon his slaves; thy slaves, in obedience to thy royal word, journeyed toward the castle of Aboulfakem, and as they passed along through the deserts, a party of five thousand horse appeared, who setting upon us, ordered us either to deliver up the prince Ahubal, or defend him with our lives.

"Thy slaves would willingly have chosen the latter fate. Yet, alas! what were four hundred guards and twenty mutes to the army that opposed us. But our consultation was vain: for while we debated how to defend ourselves, the prince drew his sabre, and kill-

ing three of our number, cut his way through the guards to his friends.

"The horsemen then would have set upon us, and hewed us in pieces; but their chief forbade them, saying, 'No, let them live, and be the messengers of the prince's escape. Go,'" continued he, 'dastard slaves, and let your sultan know, that Ahubal has friends who will shortly punish him for his designs on the prince.'

At these words of his guards, Misnar gave a deep sigh, and said—

"Human prudence alone is far too weak to fight a gainst the wiles of the deceitful; but Alla is more powerful than man! I will, therefore, send for the prophets, and inquire of them, where I may seek for the assistance of Mahomet."

Then sultan then commanded Zeuramaund and his tribe, and Mangelo, the prophet, from the hollow rocks of Caxol, to be brought before him; and when they were come into his presence, he demanded of them, where he might seek for the assistance of Mahomet and the countenance of Alla.

Then answered Zeuramaund, the sultan in these words:

"In the tomb of the prophet of Mecca is the signet of Mahomet, which no human power may remove; but if the prophet will hear the prayer of the sultan, it may be easily be taken from thence."

Yes," replied Mangelo, the prophet, from the hollow rocks of Caxol, "the seal of Mahomet will indeed preserve the prince from enchant-

enchantment; but it is also necessary that he put on the girdle of Opakka, which is worn by the Giant Kifri, the sworn enemy of the eastern throne. For although the signet of Mahomet will preserve the sultan from evil, yet will the girdle of Opakka only save him from deceit."

The sultan Misnar was moved at the discourse of his prophets, and spent the night in thought and perplexity. He had little hope that the signet of Mahomet, which had for ages remained immoveable, should yield to him; or that with all his numerous armies, he should be able to force the girdle of Opakka from the loins of an enchanter, who could in a moment overwhelm his troops by the power of his art. However, he determined the next morning to go with his court a public pilgrimage to Mecca, and to offer up the most solemn petitions to the prophet of his faith.

Early in the morning the sultan arose from his seraglio, and commanded his courtiers to prepare the procession, as he intended immediately to make a public pilgrimage to Mecca.

But as Misnar was making known his intentions, a messenger arrived in haste at the entrance of the seraglio, who brought advice, that one of the southern kingdoms had revolted, and was led on by a sage heroine, who declared her intentions of placing Ahubal, the brother of the sultan, on the throne of India.

Misnar was conscious that this revolt was brought about through the contrivance of the enchanters, and therefore despaired of conquering

quering them by means of his armies; but lest the other kingdoms, seeing no troops were sent to repel the rebels, should also join the adverse party, the sultan commanded the rough music of war to sound; and sending for his grand vizir Horam, in private, he ordered him to lead out the armies of Dely against the rebels, and to dispatch daily messengers to the capital, to bring advice of his success.

The vizir Horam received the sultan's commission with reverence, and said——

“Let not my sultan be angry at his slave. If my lord should require ten thousand messengers, his slave Horam would dispatch them. But if my lord will accept of this tablet, he shall know in a moment the success of his servant, though numberless leagues were between us.”

“What,” said Misnar, taking the tablet from his vizir, “by what means is this tablet endued with these rare virtues?”

“My lord,” answered Horam, “when my father, through the malice of his enemies, was banished from the presence of the mighty Dabulcombar, (whom the Houris of Paradise do serve) he called me to him, and said, O Horam, the evil-minded have prevailed, and thy father is fallen a sacrifice to the enemies of truth: no more, my son, shall I behold the children of my strength, nor the splendour of my sultan's court: whither I go I know not! but do you, my son, take this tablet, and whatever befall thy parent, shall at times be known to you in the leaves of this book;

and to whomsoever thou givest it, that friend shall, after my death, read therein whatever Horam my son shall wish to make known unto him."

"Faithful Horam," answered the sultan, "thy present is of such exquisite value, that thy prince shall, in confidence, honour thee with the first place in his esteem. Kow, then, my faithful vizir, that the powers of enchantment are let loose against my throne, and the prophets have said, 'Thou shalt not prevail but with the signet of Mahomet, and the girdle of Opakka;' therefore, it is expedient that I first go to Mecca to obtain by prayer this valuable gift of the prophet: my purpose, but this morning, was to go surrounded by the nobles of my court; but while rebellion stalketh abroad, pageants are idle, and the parade of a sultan's pilgrimage will give my enemies time to increase in their numbers and strength. No, Horam, I myself will in secret approach the tomb of my prophet, for Alla requireth the service of the heart, and searcheth out of the purity of his servants intentions: I shall go with greater humility as a peasant than as a prince. In the mean time, my royal tent shall be pitched, and Horam only shall be suffered to approach it. So shall my slaves imagine their sultan goeth forth with them to the field, and the hearts of my subjects shall be strengthened."

"Be the desires of the sultan fulfilled," said Horam, with reverence; "but will not my lord take with him a guard in his pilgrimage; for the dangers of the journey are great

great over the mountains and deserts, and the voyage by the seas is perilous?"

"No," answered the sultan, "those who are my slaves here may, at a distance, become my masters, and sell me to my foes: where the trust is great, great is the danger also. Shall I fet guards over my person in the heart of my kingdom, amidst my faithful subjects, and trust my life in a slave's hand, where I am neither known nor respected? When the diamond lieth concealed in the mine, is it free and unmolested, but when it shineth abroad on the earth all covet its possession."

The vizir Horam was struck with the prudence of his youthful sultan, and bowed in his assent to the words of his lord.

In a few days the armies of India assembled; the royal tent was pitched, and the vizir was declared the leader of his sultan's forces. Misnar entered his tent in great state, and Horam alone followed the sultan into the retirements of the moveable pavilion.

The vizir had, according to the sultan's instructions, prepared a disguise for his master; and at midnight led him, like a peasant, through the encampment into a wood, where, falling at his feet, he besought him to consider well the dangers he was about to encounter.

"Horam," answered the sultan, "I well know the goodness of thy heart, and that thy fears are the daughters of thy love. Sensible am I that the dangers of my pilgrimage are great, but what resource have I left? More than man is risen up against me, and more than man must assist

assist me, or I perish. To whom, then, can I fly, but to the Prophet of the Faithful? For I am well assured that no enchantment shall prevail against me, while I journey towards Mecca; for such is the faith of all true believers, though they may oppress and fatigue me, yet in the end shall I triumph. Beside, Horam, there is no other resource."

"True, my sultan," answered the vizir, "without Alla vain is the counsel of man; but is not Alla every where present to aid and defend the sons of the faithful?"

"Though Alla be all-powerful," answered Misnar, "yet is not the slave of his hand to direct the lord of all things! If we would gain the help and assistance of Alla, we must obey his commands; and well are we assured in the law of our prophet, that at Mecca shall the prayer of the faithful be heard. Wherefore, O Horam, no longer my slave, but my friend, lead forth my armies with confidence and trust, and doubt not but that he, who daily refresheth the sun with light, will shortly restore Misnar to the throne of his forefathers."

As he spoke thus, the sultan broke from his vizir Horam, who was fallen upon his master's feet, and weeping at his fixed resolves, and penetrated into the gloomy recesses of the forest.

All was silence and darkness, save where through broken fragments of fleeting clouds, the sultaness of night sometimes threw a feeble light on the horrors of the forest.

"This gloomy recess," said Misnar, as he passed on, "which hides me from the world, makes me better known to myself. In the
court

court of my forefathers, I am called the light of the world, the glory of the east, and the eye of day; but in the wild forests of Tarapajan, I am a poor helpless reptile, on whom the cedars drop unwholesome dews, and whose steps are hidden from the light of the moon by the branches of the palm. What, then, is the pride of man, but deceit! and the glories of the earth, but the shadows of illusion! Surely, more had I to fear from enchantment on the throne of Dabulcombar, than in the bosom of this forest. Here the wild beasts will not flatter me, nor will the lordly lion acknowledge me the sultan of his wild domains.

"On what prop, then, must that weak tendril, man, entwine himself; on what rock must the son of earth build his security? Thanks be to the faith delivered unto me from Mahomet, the holy prophet of Arabia. In Alla shall be my trust, who ruleth over all the children of his hand, and is lord over the haunts of beasts, as well as the dwellings of mankind."

With such thoughts, Misnar passed along for many days, till one night, at a distance, he perceived the skies looked red with light, and various fires; and by the noise, which increased in his ears, found that some Indians were carousing in the woods before him.

The disguised sultan endeavoured to avoid them, striking into a path which led round their fires; but some of the Indians observing him by the light of their fires, called to their brother peasant, and desired him to partake of their mirth

Misnar thought it would be in vain to refuse their request, as they all seemed disposed to insist on their demands, and therefore hastened to the scene of their festivity.

Here he found ten or twelve fires, with a mixed number of males and females, some sitting and some dancing around them; the uncouth rustic music enlivened their dance, and the mask of care was not on their faces.

Misnar inquired the cause of their mirth.

"What!" said an ancient female, "though you are a stranger in Tarapajan, and know that the feast of Tigris is celebrated by these nightly fires, yet must you now learn, that no stranger comes but to partake of our joy, nor departs till the fires are extinct."

"And how long," said Misnar, "doth this feast last?"

"This," answered the old woman, "is the third night, and these fires must blaze yet eleven nights and days more, during which time the ax is not seen in the hand of the forester, nor doth the bow twang in the woods of Tarapajan; neither may he which seeth these rights depart, till they be fulfilled."

Misnar was thunderstruck at this relation; and ere he could answer, the crowd gathered around him.

"Come," said he that appeared to be chief, "let us initiate this stranger in our rites; bring hither the skin of the tyger, and the paw of the lion, and the lance, and the bow that twangs not in the woods of Tarapajan during these nightly festivals."

Then

Then did one bring the skin of a tyger, and threw it over the shoulders of Misnar; and another came with the paw of a lion, and hung it before him; and a third brought a lance, and put it in Misnar's right-hand; and a fourth slung a bow on his breast. Then did all the crowd make a loud howling, and danced around the astonished sultan.

"Now," said the chief, when the dance was finished, "sound the hollow instruments of brass, which give notice to the moon and to the stars, that this stranger is about to swear not to reveal our rights. Lay thine hand on thy head," said the chief to the disguised sultan, "and put thy finger on thy mouth, and say——

"As the starless night is dark, as the cave of death is dark, so shall my thoughts and words continue in darkness concerning the festival of tygers."

"And wherefore," said Misnar, "is this silence imposed; and what shall befall him that sweareth not unto you? Is not the mind of man free? And who shall offend him who seeketh not to offend others?"

"Whosoever," answered the chief, "travelleth, should become obedient to the customs of those people among whom he tarrieth."

"Right," continued Misnar, "and I am willing, upon two conditions, to fulfil your will: first, you shall all swear, that I be at liberty to pursue my journey on the eleventh day; and next, that I shall not be bound to perform

perform aught contrary to the law of Mahomet."

"Stranger," replied the chief, "when we are at liberty to depart, thou shalt depart likewise; but during this festival, which is held in honour of our noble ancestor, who remained fourteen days in this forest, till he had subdued a ravenous race of tygers, no man that is entered here may stir from hence till the fires be extinguished; for by fire did our ancestor drive away and destroy the tygers and beasts of the forests, and by fire do we commemorate his mighty deeds. Neither," continued the chief, "may we reveal these rites to any one but those who by accident espy them; for such as are present with us, we are bound to receive into our society; wherefore we compel those who come amongst us to keep in silence the knowledge of our rights."

"If such is your custom," answered Misnar, "I shall willingly comply; and swear to you, that as the starless night is dark, as the cave of death is dark, so shall my thoughts and words continue in darkness concerning the festival of tygers."

As he uttered these words, the whole assembly again danced around him, till the hollow brazen instruments were ordered to sound, and all the inhabitants of the forest were commanded to receive the disguised sultan as their brother.

Then the men, one by one, passed by Misnar, each as he passed laying the hand of the sultan on his breast. After they were passed by, came the females also, and embraced their

new-

new-made brother. These Misnar suffered to pass on without much reflection, till among the youngest, who last approached, he beheld a beauteous virgin, with downcast looks, drawing near him, who seemed ashamed of that freedom the custom of the place obliged her to use.

At sight of this amiable figure, Misnar at once forgot his purpose and his crown, and was impatient till the ceremony brought her into his arms, where he would willingly have held her for ever. The rest of the females perceived his emotion; and the chief of the festival approaching, asked Noradin, the beauteous fair one, "Whether she would at length fix her choice—for in this place," continued the chief, addressing himself to Misnar, "every sex hath freedom, and none are compelled to take the hand they do not love: Noradin hath for these three days been courted by all our tribe, but the coy maid hath refused every advance; if she refuse not you, our joy will be the more complete, as then none of our company will be without his mate."

Misnar forgetting the great designs of his heart, waited for the fair one's answer, and felt more fear at her silence, than the dreadful enchantments of his monstrous enemies.

At length, with blushes and half smothered words, Noradin answered, "May the joy of my comrades be complete!"

Misnar, in raptures at the fair Noradin's preference, took her by the hand and led up the dance, while the hollow instruments of brass

brass a third time founded, to proclaim the choice of Noradin, the beauteous fair one.

At the appearance of day, each repaired to the cottages around, and Misnar and Noradin were led by the chief to a spot, where shortly the whole assembly built them a cottage of bamboo and the leaves of the plantain.

As soon as they were retired, Noradin taking Misnar in her hand, asked him whether she deserved his constant love for the choice she had made.

Misnar, somewhat startled at her question, asked what were the customs of her tribe?

"For ten days," answered the amiable Noradin, "I shall be with thee, and on the eleventh, if our choice be fixed, the chief will lead us to him who readeth the Koran, that our vows may be pledged in his presence: during this interval, my father's friends will attend us, that in case you refuse me, I may return a virgin to their arms; nay, even now are they building huts around us."

Misnar was much chagrined at these words, as in his heart he expected the full enjoyment of his beautiful mistress, and his mind now turned upon the great business he had to perform; "But," said he to himself, "to what purpose is it to think of my kingdom or my pilgrimage, since I am here detained and watched by a set of savage foresters, who acknowledge no law but their own will: it is the part of prudence, then, to bear with patience and ease the misfortunes of life. I will indulge myself with this amiable female, till the days of my confinement are at an end." Then turning

turning to the fair Noradin, the sultan said, "O thou joy of my life, I will wait with patience: nevertheless, I would that the hours of anxiety were shorter, and that the dawn of my happiness would this moment arise."

"Say, then," answered Noradin, "thou on whom my thoughts hang, shall the compliance of thy beloved fix my lovely wanderer for ever in these arms?"

Misnar was confounded at the request of his fair companion, and his heart recoiled at her words.

END OF VOL. II.

